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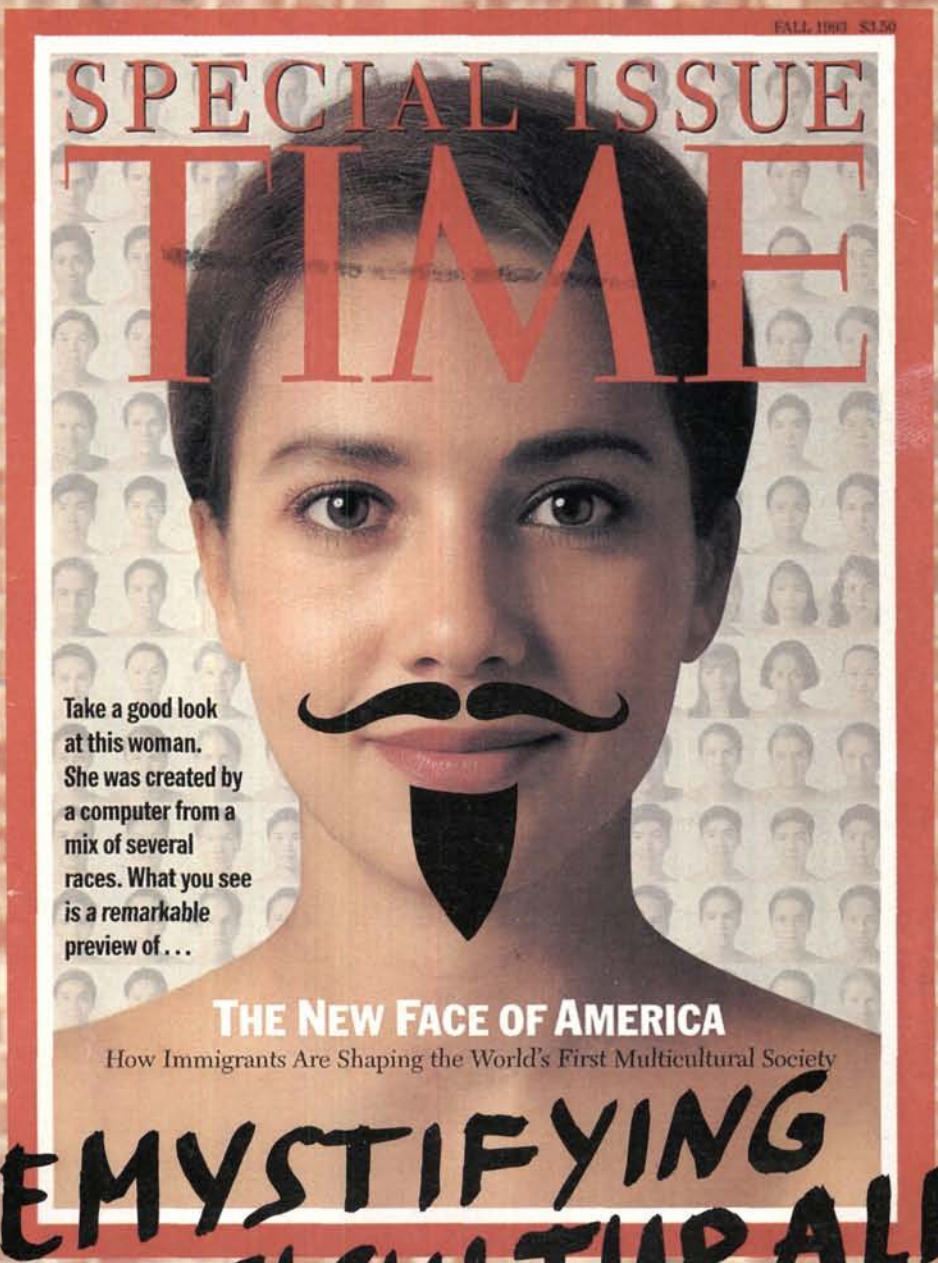
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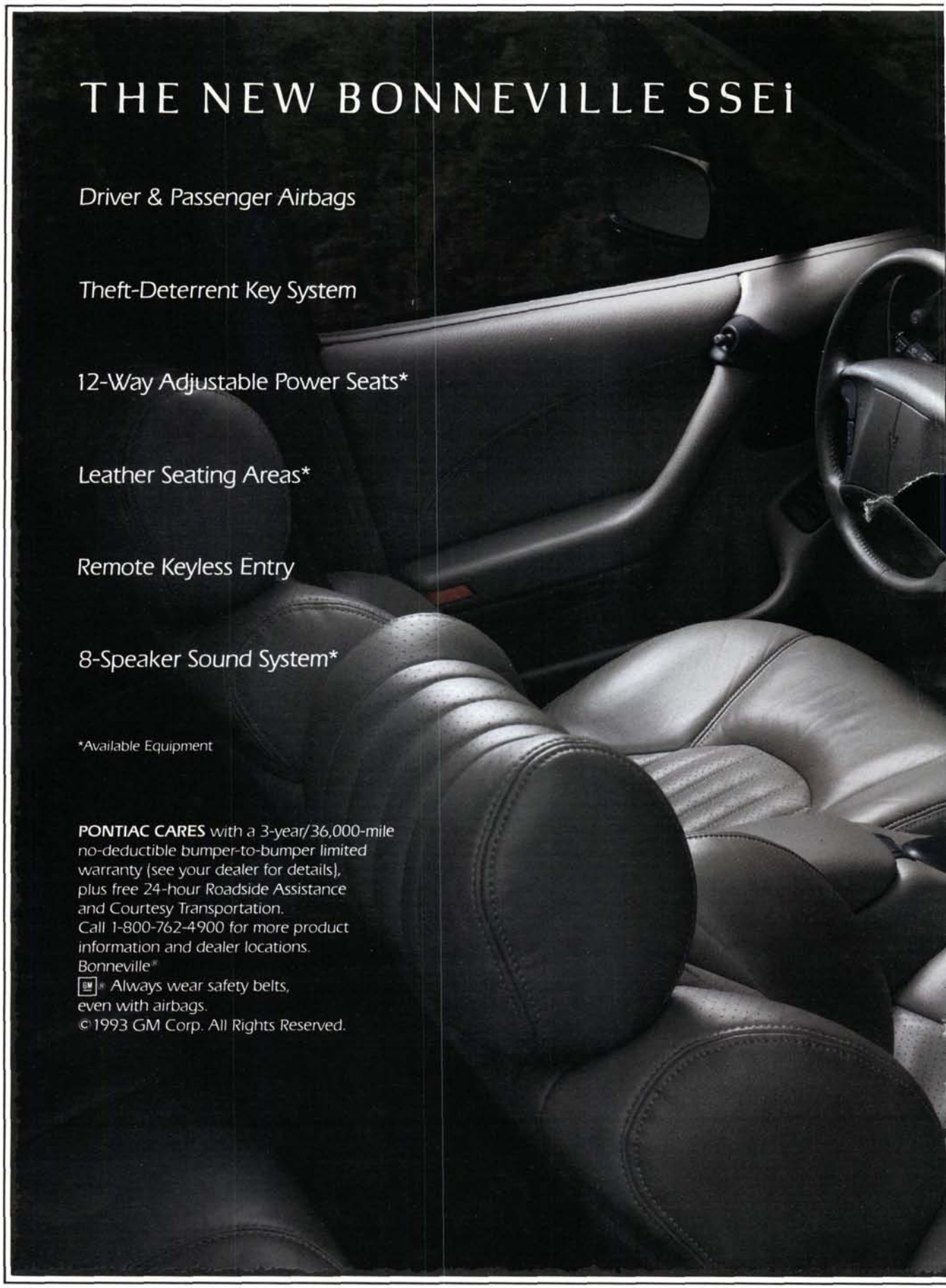
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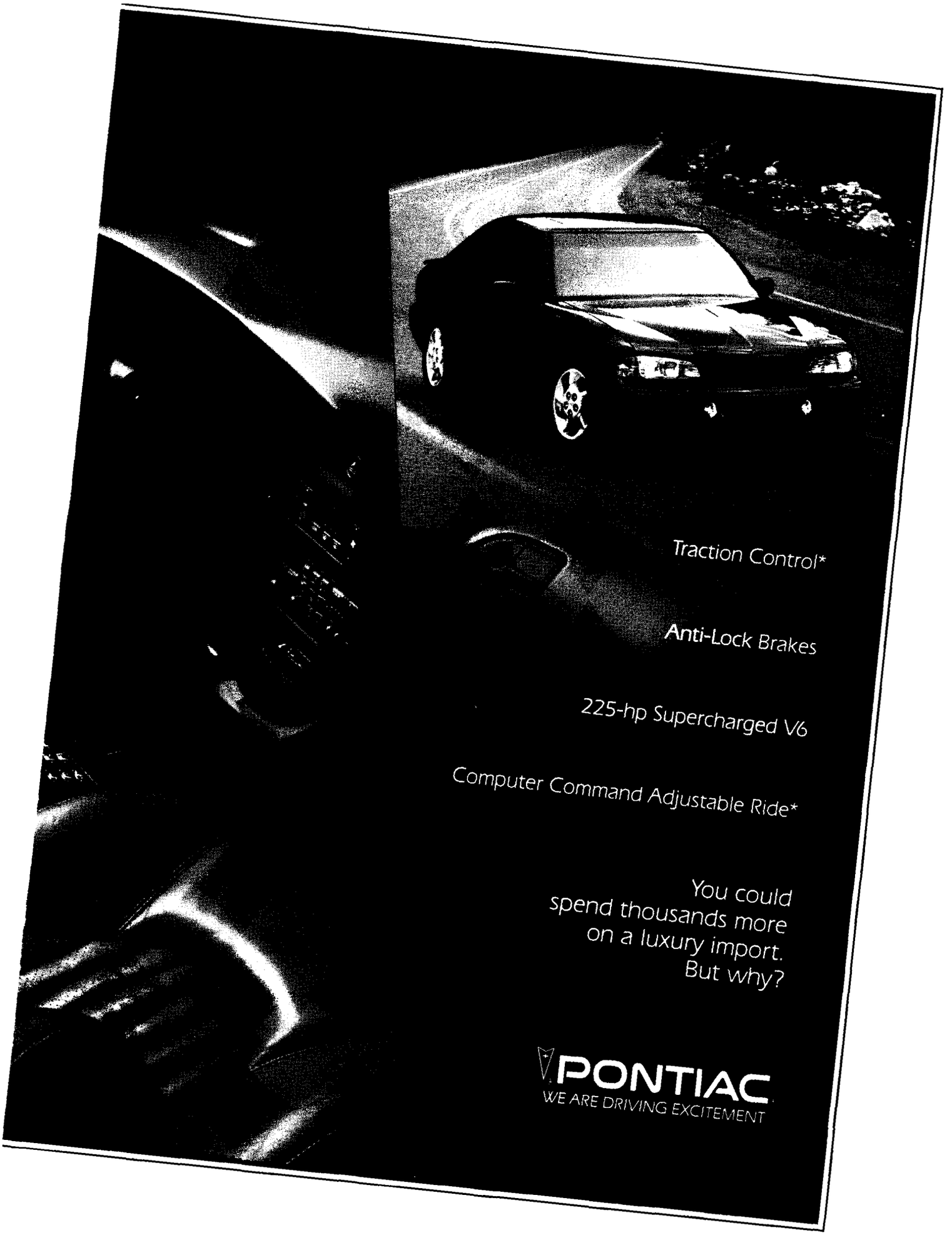

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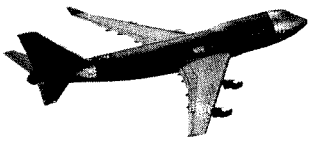

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NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 21, 1994 VOL. XLVI, NO. 3

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LETTERS

A Congressman Writes

Imagine my chagrin when, as a long-standing NATIONAL REVIEW reader, I saw my name appear in your pages for the first time only to read that I had yielded to a threat from the President on Penny–Kasich and betrayed my conservative principles for a project in my district ["For the Record," Dec. 27]. This was a variation on a Robert Novak column which said I had sold my vote for a federal courthouse in my district.

First of all, neither the President nor anyone else in the Administration pressured me on Penny–Kasich for the very simple reason that there is no federal project in my district. There is, however, a federal-courthouse project in another Long Island district; apparently whoever leaked the story against me didn't bother to learn the facts.

But even if there had been a project in my district, I would not have let that influence my vote. During this session, I voted against projects (e.g., the space station) that were important to my district and bills (Family Leave and the Brady bill) that were popular. I also was the first downstate New Yorker to endorse NAFTA, even though calls and mail were overwhelmingly against it.

I opposed Penny–Kasich because I'm concerned that Republicans are accepting the Democrats' premise that spending cuts rather than supply-side tax cuts are the key to deficit reduction. Both should be stressed—but tax cuts first. Specifically, I objected to the co-insurance requirement for home health care because a) it will hit seniors who can't afford it, and b) it leaves Republicans open to the same attacks that hurt us so much in 1982 and 1986. If we were serious about meaningful cuts, we would have gone after the space station and the cotton industry, not home health care.

I have been involved in conservative politics since my Youth for Goldwater days. The first vote I cast was for Bill Buckley for mayor. *Newsday*, my local tabloid, routinely refers to me as a "conservative ideologue." I came to Congress to pursue an agenda of enterprise zones, school choice, tax cuts, and free trade. You will never have to worry about me selling my vote for a courthouse—or being afraid to take a politically incorrect position.

Peter T. King
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

The Saga Continues

I like Mike Fumento. He had done significant work as a journalist when I hired him at the *Rocky Mountain News* in 1989, he was doing significant work when I fired him three months later, and he continues to produce important articles to this day. The passing years have also largely vindicated his thesis regarding AIDS. Unfortunately, Mike cannot seem to accept that he was fired for the reason I stated at the time: his heart wasn't in the job, the proof being that he spent more than half of his time on long-distance calls pursuing other business. His explanation for his firing that appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW ["Exploding Myths," Dec. 13]—that it was a political hit—is sheer fantasy. No doubt Mike has plenty of reasons to be paranoid, but his treatment at the *Rocky Mountain News* is not one of them.

Vincent Carroll
Editorial-Page Editor
Rocky Mountain News
Denver, Colo.

The Tattered Cover Book Store did, does, and will continue to stock Michael Fumento's *Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, as long as individuals are interested in purchasing it at our store.

In the early months of 1990, the title demonstrated slow but steady sales, with increased activity in the fall. We sold a total of 38 copies in 1990 (a very good sales history in our store for a specialized hard-cover title). In 1991, 11 copies were sold; 3 copies were in stock on December 31, 1991, with 1 copy back-ordered at the publisher. In 1992, we sold 10 copies until the book went out of print in hardcover; 10 copies of the new paperback edition were ordered last July 12 and received December 1.

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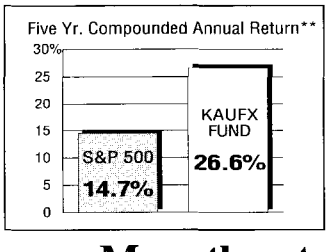

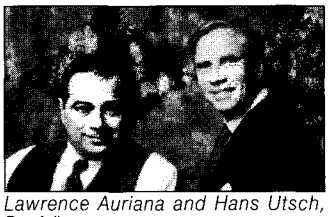
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Mr. Fumento's new book, *Science under Siege*, was published early last year. We have sold 39 copies to date. To demonstrate how erratic sales can be on any title, this one sold a high of 16 in May, and 1 in September, with no further sales to date. We have kept 2 on hand since then.

No bookstore nor distributor can have all books in stock at any one time. Our policy has always been to reorder based on customer interest. It doesn't matter what the point of view of the author may be. As Mr. Fumento stated, the Tattered Cover has a wide variety of titles in its inventory. To imply that there is some sort of conspiracy afoot to keep Mr. Fumento's book away from the public is patently absurd and absolutely wrong.

Joyce Meskis
Owner, Tattered Cover Book Store
Denver, Colo.

Vince Carroll and I appear to have a mutual admiration society. However, his retelling of the details of my firing differ from what occurred. He made it clear at the time that the matter was entirely out of his hands, that he opposed my firing, and that the assistant editorial-page editor was absolutely horrified. The person solely responsible for the axing, he said, was Managing Editor Michael Finney, and the only issue was the sheer number of phone calls I had made. Vince even read to me the number I had made versus the number he and the assistant editorial-page editor had made. He further stated that the actual bill for my calls was quite low, indicating that they appeared to be overwhelmingly local in nature. Since everyone knows that you don't fire reporters or reporting editorial writers for simply making lots of phone calls, we can eliminate that as Finney's motivation. Neither Vince nor I can read Finney's mind; nevertheless, we know Finney had just become a born-again convert to political correctness. It thus hardly seems "sheer fantasy" to believe that he would fire a worker who had written a book which outraged the kinds of groups he was seeking to placate.

As for Joyce Meskis's letter, when I called the Tattered Cover in October 1990 I was told Myth *was not available. I was not informed that I could order a copy. When I asked if any more were expected in, I was told that, no, hardcovers more than six months old are not reordered; instead, the store would wait for the paperback edition. This excuse was clearly preposterous, but to verify it I went to the store. I noted first that* Myth *was not on the shelf and second that of 80 AIDS books on the shelf, 68 were at least nine months old. When a reporter from* Westword *called the Tattered Cover, he or she was also informed that copies were unavailable.*

Miss Meskis claims they actually had 3 copies of my book on hand. That may have been so, but they weren't on the shelf and one or more clerks were telling at least two persons that the book was not in stock. Miss Meskis has every right to be angry about this, as do I. Let's make sure our anger is directed at the right people.

—MF

The Tennessee Race

I noted with some interest Geoffrey Morris's report on the Republicans who are planning to run against Tennessee Senator Jim Sasser ["Political Notebook," Dec. 27]. I take great interest in this race for two reasons. First, until recently, I had lived in and around Memphis for 16 years. Second and more importantly, one of my former professors at Christian Brothers University in Memphis is also running for the Republican nomination. His name is Steve Wilson. He was the first Republican to announce his candidacy, and he has an impressive record.

Steve Wilson has a PhD in economics and is the author of the book *The Bankruptcy of America*. He served as an officer in the U.S. Army for five years and was in the reserves another eight. He was Treasurer of Citicorp's mortgage banking subsidiary, and later vice president of the Investment Banking Group for Union Planters National Bank in Memphis. He went on to start his own mortgage banking company, and just recently he became an assistant professor of economics at Christian Brothers University.

Having met both Harold Sterling and Byron Bush and knowing something about Bill Frist, I can say that Steve Wilson is the candidate that Republicans, conservatives, and readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will want to support in Tennessee. He has advocated a serious reduction in federal spending and taxes, and less regulation on business. He has also done economic research in the health-care industry and has the expertise to point up the fallacies in the Clinton plan. His overall experience as a businessman, an economist, and a conservative makes him the ideal candidate to represent Tennessee and America.

Donald Dempsey
Springfield, Va.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Losing Face

■ Our cover for this special issue on multiculturalism pokes some modest fun at *Time* magazine's own special issue: "The New Face of America: How immigrants are shaping the world's first multicultural society."

Time's original new face, undecorated by us, was the product of a computer process called "morphing" which guesstimated the looks of a woman descended from "seven men and seven women of various ethnic and racial backgrounds." She is "15 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 17.5 per cent Middle Eastern, 17.5 per cent African, 7.5 per cent Asian, 35 per cent Southern European, and 7.5 per cent Hispanic."

She is jolly pretty and several *Time* staffers promptly fell in love with her. Of course, they were already in love with what she allegedly represents—a future multicultural America.

Problem is, she doesn't look very multicultural. She is a perky all-American girl from deepest suburbia.

To be fair, *Time*'s special issue contained much good journalism: useful statistics on intermarriage, cautionary tales on how cultural conflicts were undermining the jury system, a fine analysis of the WASP by our own Richard Brookhiser, and a poll showing strong opposition to immigration.

Intermingled with these realities was an account of American history that treated marginal subcultures and linguistic enclaves as the real America while exiling America's central tradition, based upon Anglo-American institutions and the English language, to a nativist limbo. Even when its importance was acknowledged, this was done with almost comical shiftiness: "The English, Welsh, Scots, and Scotch-Irish formed a steady influx from colonial times. More familiar with the language and customs than others, they assimilated easily and dominated America's industrial and political leadership."

Assimilated to whom? Who does *Time* think Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, and Hamilton *were*? Who does *Time* think founded Jamestown and Plymouth? Or who New York is named after?

Eighty-one per cent of the colonial population was white, and 79 per cent of whites were British. They did not need to assimilate; they were the political nation. They founded the U.S. in 1776 and their culture shaped it.

Moreover, that culture proved almost uniquely capable of assimilating people from the rest of the globe, giving them its distinctive American stamp. Hence, although Americans of British ancestry are now a minority even among whites, Americans of all races share in a national identity built on Anglo-Saxon foundations.

So *Time*'s young lady was unintentionally accurate: 15 per cent Anglo-Saxon by ancestry but a WASP in all essential respects.

■ "The world's first multicultural society" is, of course, a false description of the U.S. As Joseph E. Fallon points out in a letter, "from the Babylonian, Persian, and Roman Empires in ancient times, to the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia today, multicultural societies have existed throughout history—and they invariably fail. With its own culture constituting the primary loyalty of each group, such states are inherently unstable." They can only be held together by force, and so tend to be despotisms.

I suspect *Time* meant to say "the first multicultural democracy." Wrong again. Canada and India have better claims to the title; but multiculturalism has undermined their democracy. Canada may be breaking up and India has ceased to be a democracy at times.

When Indira Gandhi overthrew the Indian Constitution in 1975, the U.S. Ambassador, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, broke the news to President Ford as encouragingly as he could:

"Congratulations, Mr. President. You are now the leader of the world's largest democracy."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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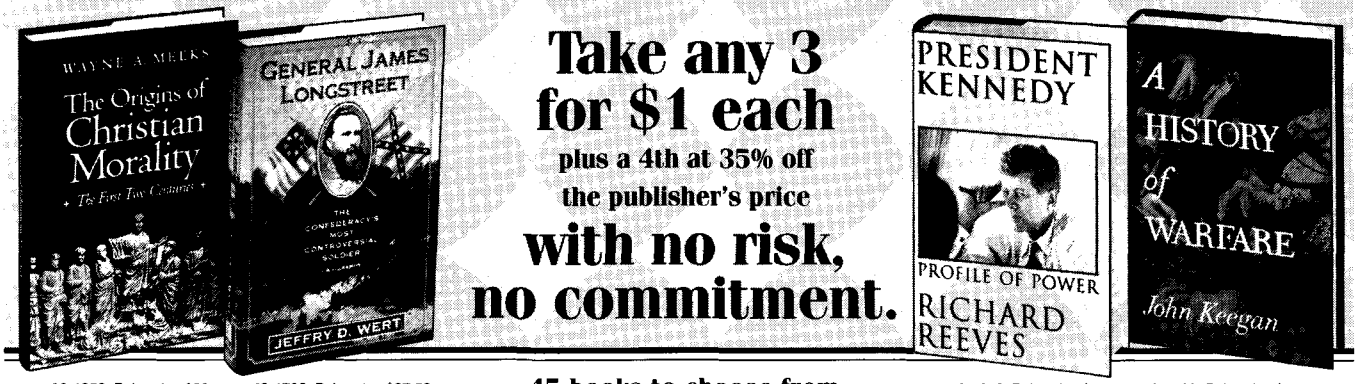

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Can **Bill Clinton** follow his own clarion call? His use of conservative rhetoric in State of the Union address, says Project for Republican Future's **Bill Kristol**, "is a tribute to those ideas." . . . What did American people think? A week earlier, 44 per cent told CNN/*USA Today*/**Gallup** that President shared their values; week after, 53 per cent did. Post-address, 84 per cent think he is leading country in right direction; 58 per cent feel he "will be tough enough on crime." Two weeks before, respondents to *NR* poll gave President a "C–" on "fighting crime and drugs." Kristol says: "in a few weeks people will be hungry" for action on those ideas. . . . Family Research Council's **Gary Bauer** says of President's commitment to "free condoms, free needles, free abortions—now there is a 'pro-family' agenda that even nervous Republican leaders should be able to defeat." . . . Weekend before Clinton speech, RNC Chairman **Haley Barbour** hinted that GOP should distance itself from abortion issue, reports **Robert Novak**. . . . On health care, says **Charles Krauthammer**: Clinton "has passion and . . . obvious conviction," but his "power is not logic." . . . Rep. **Charles Schumer** (D., N.Y.) asks: How can we explain to those "who have invested in a plan that they're not terribly unhappy with that they should jump into the abyss of the unknown?" . . . *U.S. News & World Report*'s **Michael Barone** warns: "When you ask what Clinton believes on any issue, 'what' should be plural, not singular."

■ Flight from House continues: 36 is current tally of retiring congressmen, outpacing record-setting 1992. Among those are 15-term veteran **Bill Ford**, chairman of Education and Labor Committee, and Judiciary subcommittee chairmen **Bill Hughes** (10 terms) and **Don Edwards** (16 terms). . . . Knowing when to quit: in their last election (1992) those retiring from politics altogether had winning margins 10 points lower than those not retiring. . . . Likely to join list is liberal Michigan Rep. **Bob Carr** (D.), who plans to run for seat of retiring Sen. **Don Riegle**. Two conservatives, **Spencer Abraham** and **Ronna Romney**, are fighting tough battle for GOP nomination to fill seat. . . . In Ohio, legal-services executive **Joel Hyatt**, who would like to take over Senate seat of father-in-law **Howard Metzenbaum**, is hurt by reports of AIDS discrimination by a franchise partner: good news for Republican Lieut. Gov. **Mike DeWine**, who now leads the field. . . . In Rhode Island, **Thomas Post Jr.**, co-chairman of 1992 **Buchanan** campaign there, plans to challenge liberal Republican Sen. **John Chafee** in primary. . . . Raising money for pro-life conservative **Oliver North** in Virginia is Republicans for Choice head **Ann Stone**.

■ All the news from Russia is bad. **Strobe Talbott**, Number Two in State Dept. and main Russian policymaker, isn't abandoning two-track approach as disaster overtakes Russia. Talbott wants to push ahead with $4.1 billion in aid already voted by Congress while "shining a light on the path toward economic reform." It isn't selling on Capitol Hill: **Lee Hamilton**, chairman of Foreign Affairs Committee, says: "If you have hyperinflation [in Russia] it doesn't matter if you supply them with $10 billion or $1 billion." . . . **Henry Kissinger** says "American policy must not be embarrassed to emphasize that domestic reform, however desirable, contributes to a better world only if Rus-sia embraces the disciplines of a cooperative international system." . . . Even before Prime Minister **Viktor Chernomyrdin** announced "corrections" in reform policy, **Max Dajnowices**, General Motors' Moscow representative, claimed that new tariffs had killed legal import market. . . . After ballyhooed opening of Seagram's Ukraine office, **Walter Kish**, Seagram's manager there, said, "It's impossible to do business legally in Ukraine and make a profit." . . . Two weeks after **Bill Clinton** visited Minsk promising aid to halt an "imperialist reconstruction" of closer ties with Russia, Moscow announced a currency union with Belarus. Belarus chief of state **Stanislav Shushkevich**, who pressed for neutrality and rapid economic reforms, was ousted. . . . French Defense Minister **François Léotard** is pushing for an increase in France's defense budget—now 42 per cent of the European Community's total—arguing that "having been a net importer [from the U.S.] of security during the Cold War, Europe must now have the capacity to export security." . . . That may explain Foreign Minister **Alain Juppé**'s call for NATO to "live up to its obligations" to use air power to end the Bosnian Serbs' siege of Sarajevo and Srebrenica, reversing last year's position, when President Clinton called for air strikes and the Europeans—including France—opposed them. . . . Before Prince **Charles** was fired at with blanks, the big question on Australian trip was: Did **Anita Keating** not curtsey to Prince because she was once Dutch, where it has gone out of style for royalty, or because she is wife of Prime Minister **Paul Keating**, who wants to make Australia a republic?

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"I know I'm overdrawn, but I'm told I'll be a lot better off now there's a GATT deal."

■ Hollywood madam **Heidi Fleiss** on politics: "You look at any picture of a politician with some girls around him and at least three of them will be mine. . . . If I really came out and talked I could have stopped NAFTA."

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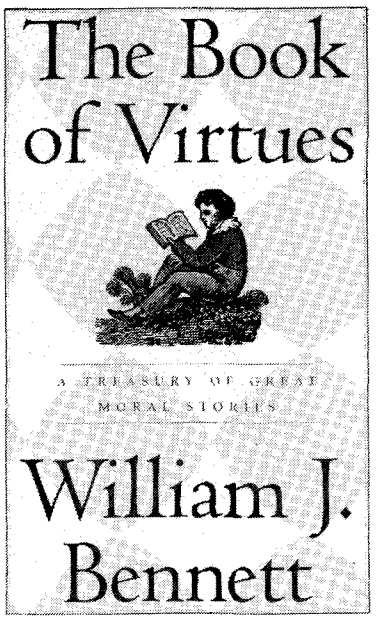

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THE WEEK

■ President Clinton seized the crime issue for his party the old-fashioned way. He stole it.

■ Here's a depressing statistic about the health-care crisis under Bill Clinton. Last year there were a reported 37 million Americans without health insurance at one time or another (a dubious statistic in itself—see page 16). But Bill Clinton revealed in his State of the Union speech that there are now 58 million people who lack insurance. This means that either the President is using phony numbers, or nearly one out of twelve Americans has lost his health insurance in Bill Clinton's first year in office. If that trend continues, by the end of Clinton's term nearly one-third of Americans will have lost their insurance. Now that *is* a health-care crisis.

■ The *New York Post* has raised serious questions about the death of Vincent Foster, notably: was it suicide? His body was unnaturally tranquil for a suicide, as if composed by an undertaker; the exit wound was unusually neat for a high-calibre gun; the gun itself had not been thrown clear of his hand by the (considerable) force of firing. Of themselves, these curiosities might not arouse undue suspicion. But they are worryingly compounded by three further oddities. First, the job of investigating the death has been left in the hands of the U.S. Park Police, whose field of expertise is elsewhere. Second, they have apparently not performed ballistic tests on the gun—an astonishing dereliction. Third, the White House has suppressed evidence, removed Foster's files, lied about it, and deliberately obstructed journalistic inquiries. We find it difficult to believe that there is a Hitchcock thriller in all this, but suspicions are bound to be aroused when people behave in an ostentatiously guilty fashion. The commonsense explanation is that there is indeed something to hide—but that it concerns Whitewatergate rather then Mr. Foster's death directly. Fresh allegations, some complete with canceled checks and tape transcripts, emerge daily. The latest, from a former Little Rock judge, David Hale, is that a lending company he ran acted as a Democratic Party piggybank, making unrepaid loans to numerous well-connected Arkansans. One loan, allegedly made at Governor Clinton's behest, found its way indirectly, to the coffers of the Whitewater Development Corporation. Special counsel Robert Fiske will doubtless look into all this; but his investigation cannot be an excuse for Congress and the media to do nothing meanwhile.

■ STORIES THE NEW YORK TIMES DOES NOT RUN: "President Clinton's protestations of innocence about his past have suffered a further setback after a woman who claims to have had a sexual liaison with him in 1983 has told *The Sunday Telegraph* she was offered a federal job in exchange for silence . . . Miss Perdue alleges that Mr. Clinton was taken to her home in official vehicles driven by state troopers on about 12 occasions. . . . She alleges that she was approached by a 'good-ole-boy' in his fifties, Ron Tucker, who claimed to be speaking on behalf of Democrats in 'high places' . . . She was offered a federal job that would set her up for life. 'But if I didn't take the offer,' she said, 'then they knew that I went jogging by myself, and he couldn't guarantee what would happen to my pretty little legs. . . . I've had it with the American press,' she said. 'I think it's going to take a foreign paper to bring this whole thing out' "—Ambrose Evans-Pritchard in the *Sunday Telegraph*, January 23.

■ STORIES THE NEW YORK TIMES DOES RUN: "It's not nearly as cold as you think. That's the view of weather experts who see this month's Arctic freeze in the eastern United States as just a downward, localized blip in a generally warmer trend in the world's climate."—William K. Stevens in the *New York Times*, January 23.

■ But Mr. Jay Leno reports that it was so cold in Washington, D.C., that "the Clintons had to keep warm by burning their savings-and-loan documents in the fireplace."

■ What do medical-care inflation, a persistently weak economy, and Representative Henry Waxman

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"Fred, being a masochist, simply revels in the news."

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■ Because of the overwhelming positive response to Senator Malcolm Wallop's "Can the GOP Take America Back?" (Feb. 7), we are offering reprints for $2. Send payment to *NR*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

have in common? Each is a major factor behind the explosive growth of Medicaid spending. For more than a decade, reports a pathbreaking series in the *Washington Post*, Congressman Waxman has led a little-noticed effort to expand Medicaid eligibility. Today federal taxpayers pay medical bills for a wide range of non-poor people, such as elderly nursing-home patients with middle-class spouses and children, and for illegal immigrants. Language slipped in by Mr. Waxman in 1990 brought in the "frail" elderly, the developmentally disabled, and every poor child under the age of 19. (All this, mind you, in a bill designed to *reduce* the deficit by $496 billion over five years.) Mr. Waxman did not work alone. Many state governments found creative ways to extract more dollars from Washington, sometimes using Medicaid funds to pay for non-Medicaid expenses. But thanks largely to Mr. Waxman, a program designed for poor single-parent families and the disabled is now a middle-class entitlement.

■ With a Democrat in the White House and Democratic majorities in both Houses of Congress, you might think that, as our President likes to say, "the rich are being asked to pay more." Not so, however, if they support environmentalist groups with gifts of land. A clause in the 1993 tax act repealed the application of the minimum tax when property is given to "charitable" groups (which includes organizations putting timber workers, ranchers, and the oil industry out of business in order to "save" the earth). The latest issue of the newsletter *Common Ground*, published by The Conservation Fund, says that the 1993 tax law allows "significantly higher income-tax savings from many charitable gifts" which "present a new opportunity for land conservation and for fundraising." The editorial cites the case of John and Mary, who between them make $200,000 a year and are considering donating a $400,000 piece of property to a green "charity." In the Reagan–Bush years of greed, their total income-tax savings would have been about $50,000, but under the Clinton tax code they will get $115,000. We call it putting the green back in greenback.

■ To pay for their health-care package, liberal Democrats in Congress propose an 8.4 per cent income tax on workers ("payroll tax"), plus a 2.1 per cent income tax on employers, plus an additional 24 cents per pack on cigarettes (to $2 per pack in tax), plus a 50 per cent excise tax on handguns and ammunition. Free health care! Come get your free government health care!

■ Lorena Bobbitt, Erik Menendez, Damian Williams, Henry Watson, and Lyle Menendez. Despite committing violent crimes against other persons, all have escaped conviction. They have done so due to a creaking system of criminal justice, weak men and women on juries, and judges who allowed them to be judged on the basis, not of their actions, but of their psychiatric diagnoses. It used to be said that occasional miscarriages of justice were the inevitable cost of according defendants their rights of due process. Unfortunately, such miscarriages seem increasingly the normal result, not perhaps of due process, but of the politicization of the criminal-justice system, and of a cultural atmosphere that demands convictions or acquittals on the basis of whether the victim is a Victim.

■ It was the twisted interrogations of children by a social worker named Lou Fonolleras that built the case—if you can call it that—against Kelly Michaels, the young woman convicted in 1988 on 115 absurd counts of child abuse. Here is a sample of the investigative technique with Mr. Fonolleras coaxing: "Boy, I'll tell you . . . you're doing just as good as Bryan, and almost as good as Stephanie, and better than Jim. . . . If you show me anything more, then you'll have done better than David." Research shows this kind of suggestive questioning—it goes on and on in this case—tends to produce exactly the lurid accusations the investigator wants. An appellate court overturned Miss Michaels's conviction last year—but not before she had spent five years in jail. Now the New Jersey Supreme Court is deciding whether there should be a "taint" hearing on the children's testimony before any re-trial. If so, Miss Michaels could be spared another trial altogether. Good. Her re-trial would be a political scandal perpetrated by prosecutors who don't want to admit that they put an innocent woman behind bars. But in this case the question is not just where Miss Michaels can go to get back her good name, but where the children subjected to Mr. Fonolleras and his ilk can go to get back their innocence.

■ Karen Olick, administrative assistant to Senator Barbara Boxer, was her spokesman during the 1992 California Senate race, when Bruce Herschensohn was denied victory by a particularly dirty trick. The trick was pulled by the state Democrats' political director, Bob Mulholland, who appeared at a Herschensohn rally and accused the candidate of attending "places where women dance totally nude." In fact, Mr. Herschensohn had once visited a strip joint, with a few friends, two of them women, as a lark. But the revelation came three days before the elec-

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tion, and the damage was irreparable. At the time, a "totally shocked" Miss Olick denied that either she or her boss knew in advance what Mr. Mulholland was up to. But now Miss Olick seems to have changed her mind. Mr. Herschensohn "was running as a right-winger, a moralist," she says in an interview in *The New Republic*. "We were just pointing out the contradictions. And it worked." This doesn't fill us with confidence in the trustworthiness of Miss Olick. Furthermore, what did Barbara Boxer know, and when did she know it? The day before the election, she declared in the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, "There's no room for that in my campaign." Maybe so, but Senator Boxer's office has room for Karen Olick. Morally speaking, we prefer the strippers.

■ We hear PBS may air an updated version of its acclaimed series *The Civil War* to include new accounts of battles in Virginia. Whether it will show John Warner and Oliver North going at it hand to hand or at long range isn't clear yet.

■ The Senate voted on January 27, by the wide margin of 62 to 38, to recommend lifting the U.S. embargo on trade with Communist Vietnam. This provides some much-needed political cover for President Clinton as he edges toward normalizing relations with Hanoi. To take such a step, the Administration, and now the Senate, have convinced themselves that the North Vietnamese documents found in Soviet archives last year do not say what they plainly say—namely, that Hanoi held back U.S. POWs in violation of the 1973 Paris Agreement. They have even convinced themselves that legitimizing the Hanoi regime will induce it to be more cooperative on our MIAs—whereas, if the Soviet documents are correct, it has been lying to us consistently and continually for twenty years. There are some valid geopolitical arguments for normalizing relations with Vietnam, but the cynicism with which the POW/MIA issue is being swept under the rug has reached Clintonesque, that is to say breathtaking, proportions.

What's a Spider to Do?

Still straining slightly, Hillary
Extrudes her new bureaucracy,
Though all about, drug prices fall
And premiums begin to stall,
While falling fees to see a doc
Increase the stethoscopes in hock,
Which leaves the Mrs. with a web
Just as the crisis starts to ebb.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Gerry Adams, head of Sinn Fein, the political arm of the IRA, was granted a U.S. visa for a brief visit to New York. For years he had been denied entry because of the IRA's penchant for terrorism. But now, in the wake of the British Government's negotiations with the IRA, Washington could hardly be more Anglican than the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Adams, of course, was treated like a conquering hero in New York, and made clear that his new commitment to "peace" meant peace on his terms—namely the removal of British troops from Northern Ireland and the unwilling absorption of its Protestant majority into the South. British leaders cling to the illusion that they are defanging IRA violence and gaining the political upper hand. In fact they have only legitimized their IRA nemesis and plunged down a slippery slope to more Protestant terrorism and a bloodier civil war.

■ Ronald Reagan's role in the defeat of Communism seems, from the liberal's point of view, dangerously close to becoming widely accepted. A piece in the February *Atlantic* by Richard Ned Lebow and Janice Gross Stein, which self-consciously styles itself a "contrarian" view, argues that President Reagan's arms buildup only delayed the end of the Cold War. The authors' evidence? Why, Mikhail Gorbachev told them so. The ex-Soviet leader assured them personally that he had already decided to bring about world peace regardless of SDI and the pressure of the U.S. military buildup. The problem with this self-serving Gorbachev line is that it is belied by the real evidence—by the testimony of Gorbachev's key aides at a Princeton conference a year ago, when they conceded that SDI tipped the balance in the Kremlin in favor of crying "uncle"; by the frequent Soviet acknowledgments even in the Gorbachev era (including a July 1988 speech by Eduard Shevardnadze) that the Soviets were repudiating the arms race because they were discovering they couldn't win it. Nice try, *Atlantic*.

■ At a time when the opposition party seems to have lost its voice at the national level, it's not much fun being in the GOP. But at least Republicans get to park in a "handicapped" space.

■ In the early 1980s, wind farmers flocked to the Altamont Pass, just east of San Francisco, carrying with them sleek, modern windmills from which they vowed to generate streams of electricity without causing environmental damage. Unfortunately, the windmills' whirring blades have cuisinarted several birds of prey living in the region, thereby providing wildlife conservationists with an excellent opportunity to attack big business and the government. But when you listen for the cries of protest from the Sierra Club or the National Audubon Society, you hear

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. . . nothing. Why not? Mainstream environmental groups have plainly decided that if an alternative energy source which could avert "global warming" and the melting of the ice-caps is at stake, they're not going to get wet for a lot of bleedin' birds.

■ Ads from the National Rifle Association have been appearing in magazines, showing a woman and her daughter crossing a dark parking lot with the caption "How to Choose to Refuse to Be a Victim" and an 800 number below. All right-thinking liberals are scandalized by this campaign to encourage women to explore various methods of self-defense, including gun ownership. We too see a problem. If some charitable organization actually attempted to supply every law-abiding adult in our major cities with a small-calibre handgun, and trained each recipient in its defensive use, now *that* would go a long way toward stopping rapes, car-jackings, muggings, store holdups, and other types of crime. The NRA effort falls disappointingly short of this goal, but it's still a worthy first step.

■ We've just learned that on February 7 a famous American will be sued for divorce. A government official, he's also a handsome lug with a big manly chin the ladies seem to admire. His wife, a fierce blonde with her own agenda, has at last lost all patience with him. He tells her his work keeps him out of the house at odd hours and for long stretches which, for security reasons, he can't always fully explain. While she holds no public office, the aggrieved wife has become as familiar a figure to the public as her husband. But when the divorce is final, we expect we'll be seeing a lot less of . . . Tess Trueheart, wife of Dick Tracy. Ha. You thought we had news about another husband-and-wife team, whose adventures are chronicled daily on the front page, not the comics page. Does life imitate art? Not fast enough.

■ We are indebted to ace reporter Jay Leno for another scoop: while still a senator, Al Gore used the Tennessee State Police to cover for him while he went out to hug a tree.

Mr. Clinton's Crisis

"I KNOW there are people here who say there's no health-care crisis," said President Clinton in his State of the Union address. "Tell it to Richard and Judy Anderson." Richard Anderson, Mr. Clinton related, lost job and insurance, his wife had a cerebral aneurysm, bills piled up to $120,000, and the Andersons were forced into bankruptcy.

This is a genuinely sad story. But it is neither evidence of a "crisis" nor reason to support the Clinton plan. First, Judy Anderson recovered. Indeed, she got first-rate care despite lacking insurance. Emergency rooms provide care to all comers, and nonprofit hospitals—88 per cent of all U.S. hospitals—must by law take any patient needing care. The Andersons' problem wasn't with care but with insurance.

Second, the insurance trouble could have been eased by enhancing the "portability" of coverage between jobs—a simple reform that President Clinton would oppose if it were voted on tomorrow. Why? Its salutary effect would undermine sentiment for his more grandiose designs.

Third, according to Ambrose Evans-Pritchard in the London *Sunday Telegraph*, the Andersons are a bad example. Mr. Evans-Pritchard writes that the hospital where the operation was performed has a $2- to $3-million fund for hardship cases that the Andersons eschewed. "They declared bankruptcy almost immediately, which allowed them to clear older debts that had nothing to do with the illness."

So we can tell the Andersons there's no crisis. How about "the 58 million Americans who have no coverage at all for some time each year"? Not too long ago the Clintons talked about "37 million" uninsured. The jump (is this the health-care inflation the Clintons warn about?) comes almost entirely in the phrase "some time each year."

As Irwin Stelzer points out in *Commentary*, half the uninsured have insurance again within six months, and only 15 per cent of the uninsured stay that way for more than two years. Try about 5.5 million chronically uninsured. But even that overstates it. About 37 per cent of the uninsured are under the age of 25; for them insurance plans are often a bad buy. Take out all those who *choose* to go uninsured, and perhaps 3 per cent of the population can't get insurance (but they can get care). Not a crisis.

Can we "tell it to the 81 million Americans with those pre-existing conditions" that can make getting insurance impossible? Again, their problem is solvable with a quick package of insurance reforms—but the President isn't interested.

"To the small businesses burdened by skyrocketing costs of insurance"? Health-care costs are growing, albeit at the lowest rate in twenty years. But

His Family Approves

Mr. William (not Commodore) Perry
Has the mien of a bushed actuary,
    But the President glows
    Like St. Nick in repose,
While the brass carry on and make merry.

W. H. VON DREELE

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this is what you expect when quality of care improves. Bypasses, angioplasties, CAT scans—all cost money, and save lives. Why do we spend 14 per cent of our GDP on health care when, say, Japan spends 7 per cent? Because, as Fred Barnes writes, our care is better: "Japanese get assembly-line treatment from doctors who see on average 49 patients a day." So we'll tell small businesses, too, that there's no crisis, although we do think there should be fast reforms to make it easier for them to buy insurance in pools or tax-exempt trusts, thus increasing their bargaining power and lowering costs. Mr. Clinton, apparently, doesn't.

The wrangling over the word "crisis" has a significance that's quite simple: No crisis, no Clinton revolution in health care.

Bill Kristol and his Project for the Republican Future have convinced increasing numbers of Republi-

RIGHT DATA

The Health-Care Thing

FOR MORE than three decades health-care spending has grown faster than national income, rising from 5 per cent of GDP in 1960 to 14 per cent in 1993. Some of this reflects the introduction of Medicaid and Medicare in the mid 1960s. But economist William Baumol points out that *all* countries, no matter what their system of health care, have experienced rising medical costs over this period. Furthermore, the trend in health-care costs is no different from that of other services:

PRICE TRENDS: HEALTH CARE AND OTHER SERVICES V. THE CPI

(1960 = 100.0)

	CPI	Medical Care	Education*	Auto Repair
1960	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
1970	131.1	152.5	213.4	138.1
1980	278.4	335.9	530.0	307.5
1990	441.5	730.0	1,182.6	490.9
1991	460.1	793.7	1,255.0	513.2
1992	474.0	852.5	1,317.4	533.2
1993	488.2	903.1	1,360.4	550.6

* Per-pupil education spending.

The CPI, which measures economy-wide inflation, rose about 4.9 per cent per year between 1960 and 1993. The price of medical services rose at 6.9 per cent per year. The difference means that, in dollars of constant purchasing power, the cost of visiting a doctor rose nearly 85 per cent over this period—although that is a narrower margin than in the case of per-pupil education costs.

Mr. Baumol, who has taught economics at Princeton and NYU and is a past president of the American Economic Association, dismisses the conventional explanations of rising medical costs. If the lack of competition were the problem, for example, then health care would be growing more monopolistic. It isn't. There are more HMOs, covering more people, than ever. The share of applicants admitted to medical school has been growing, along with the proportion of students that graduate.

The litigation explosion? Mr. Baumol doubts that this can explain much, given that the number of medical court cases has been declining, and the percentage of cases in which the plaintiff wins an award has fallen off sharply. Similarly, if doctors' incomes were the culprit, then those incomes should be rising. But U.S. Government data show that the real income of physicians has fallen slightly, slipping even relative to schoolteachers' pay.

The "problem" is that health care, like most other services, is by its very nature a handicraft activity that resists standardization. Two sick people (or two damaged cars) will each have somewhat different problems that must be treated individually rather than on an assembly-line basis. (It is worth noting that while auto-repair costs have grown faster than the CPI, the cost of new cars has not.) Technology cannot reduce the time doctors spend examining their patients.

Meanwhile, manufactured goods and agricultural products require less and less labor to produce. They get cheaper and cheaper relative to health care, education, auto repairs, and other services. Hence, manufacturing's share of GDP is increasingly crowded out by services. But in terms of real consumption, the balance between goods and services has held about steady, according to Mr. Baumol.

If he is right, we devote an ever larger share of our income to medical care because we can afford to do so without sacrificing other consumption items. Paradoxically, the same forces that push health-care costs up will make it possible to supply the public with ever better health care in the future, just as they did in the past.

If President Clinton's health-care plan stymies productivity growth, however, a real crisis could soon develop.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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cans, including—sometimes, at least—Bob Dole, of the connection. And if there's no crisis there's no need for a GOP comprehensive solution either. Now even Phil Gramm, who has a overhaul plan of his own, has introduced an incremental bill.

So the GOP wants real reform, *now*. Clinton is after something different—a government takeover of health care justified by the alleged dire straits of most Americans. A crisis? Tell it to the 80 per cent of Americans who are "somewhat" or "very" satisfied with their care.

Get a Job

PROMISING, in his State of the Union message, to end welfare as we know it by putting welfare recipients to work after two years, President Clinton added, almost in passing, the key qualification—that the work should be in the private sector by preference, but in "community service" if necessary. So he plans to shift people from welfare to welfare jobs—2.3 million of them, according to a preliminary HHS estimate that leaked to the papers later in the week.

Our most recent experiment with federally sponsored make-work was the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, or CETA, a Nixon Administration program which flowered under Jimmy Carter. The unions' fear of competition prevented the CETA program from doing much heavy lifting, so the program became a form of patronage, a clumsy national Tammany—paying people to sit in the offices of pols or politically connected activists, and watch other people type—until Ronald Reagan ended the program.

The Clintonites have taken alarm at their own numbers, which imply a price tag of as much as $20 billion a year. Michigan Governor John Engler expressed a common fear that the states might be stuck with an "unfunded mandate." The devil is not in the details, however, but in the concept. The Clintonites nourish a Rooseveltian daydream of putting America to work in a new WPA. They forget that what put America to work half a century ago was not Roosevelt or the WPA, but World War II.

A Reno Divorce?

A *Washington Post* profile of Janet Reno last year described the drama of a visit to the Justice Department cafeteria: " 'How're you all today?' she says to startled Justice workers and grabs a tray and gets in line like anybody else." When a cashier offers her a free lunch, "Reno tenses, her rounded shoulders lurch forward. 'No, I have to pay, I have to pay,' she insists, pushing the bills till the cashier takes them."

What refreshing integrity! What lack of pretension! Of course, Bush Attorney General William Barr lunched in the Justice cafeteria at least once a week, standing in the same line, paying out of his own pocket, and without any reporters in tow. But last year Janet Reno couldn't eat lunch—let alone talk back to a bullying Representative John Conyers—without getting lionized.

"A tough, battle-scarred Miami prosecutor with a demanding style and a track record of turning the most ardent political critics into loyal allies and friends," cooed the *Post* the day after her nomination. "A prized asset," according to the *New York Times*. "If the White House is worried about taking the country in a new direction," fawned one *Time* cover-story, "perhaps it should send Reno on ahead as a scout. If she fails she'll say so. And if she continues to get it right, she may be the one to lead the revolution." Title: "Reno: The Real Thing."

Well, the *real* thing, as the resignation of Deputy Attorney General Philip Heymann has highlighted, is a small-time prosecutor stumbling under the responsibility of running a 90,000-man federal department. Miss Reno's idea of management extends, apparently, little further than listing issues on a yellow pad to bring up at staff meetings—before dashing off to her next speech. And she has failed to protect Justice from an overbearing White House, opening her first year by dumping all U.S. Attorneys, ending it with stalling on the appointment of a Whitewater prosecutor, which even the gullible *Times* called "mortifying."

Policy? One of her chief initiatives—a skeptical review of minimum mandatory sentences at a time when the public wants to put criminals behind bars and keep them there—looks to have been stepped on by David Gergen. At least that leaves Miss Reno more time to talk about her dearest issues: dropout programs, pre-natal care, and other matters best left to Donna Shalala.

After three unsuccessful tries, it may be time for Bill Clinton to nominate a real attorney general—even if it has to be a man.

A Russian Tragedy

THE REFORMIST, democratic, peaceful Russia in which so many Americans had invested their hopes is slipping rapidly away into the mists of lost illusions. No sooner had President Clinton embraced Boris Yeltsin in Moscow, and been assured of President Yeltsin's undying commitment to reform, than Yegor Gaidar and Boris Fyodorov, the

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two most important champions of market economics, were dropped or dropped themselves from the cabinet. Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin, embodiment of economic stagnation, now has the upper hand.

The Clinton Administration compounded the problem. Strobe Talbott, nominee for Deputy Secretary of State, soothingly assured the Russians after the setback of the December parliamentary elections that it was time for "less shock" and "more therapy." In addition to being absurd, this legitimized the go-slow forces and tipped the balance against reform. Fyodorov appealed in vain for Yeltsin to fire the head of the Central Bank, whose profligate money-printing ways threaten to engulf Russia in hyperinflation by mid-year, with all the potential Weimar-style political consequences. Subsidies will prolong the life of the state-owned industrial dinosaurs that block the path toward a real industrial private sector.

There is a dual failure in the works, for, ironically, Russia is getting back on its feet geopolitically even as it falls on its face economically. Georgia and Ukraine have been brought to heel. Belarus is being absorbed into the Russian economy. Russia drags its feet in pulling troops out of Latvia and breathes fire to scare off NATO from welcoming Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia. Here too the Administration has it wrong, acquiescing in the reassertion of Russian hegemony and even colluding with Moscow to break the back of Ukraine in the name of nuclear nonproliferation.

It is becoming harder to evade the question: Do we have any stake in the economic success of a Russia that is throwing its weight around in Eurasia? And if not, should the architect of the policy, Mr. Talbott, be confirmed by the Senate?

Wet Corporate Fingers

FAR FROM carrying the banner for free markets and private property, corporate America generally tries to accommodate to the prevailing intellectual and political winds. Thus the latest edition of *Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy*, published by the Capital Research Center (CRC): "Wet fingers held high in the air, they make 'safe' contributions to politically correct organizations they think can help them avoid the opprobrium of adverse media attention."

But, says the Center (which studies Washington's myriad 501(c)3 influence peddlers and think tanks), corporations that fund Greenpeace, the Environmental Defense Fund, Ralph Nader's Public Citizen, and the rest "compound social and economic problems by aiding and abetting special-interest groups that contrive to expand government control over matters traditionally settled in private markets." Executives engage in such "opportunistic philanthropy" almost surreptitiously, the report says, as if they fear shareholders' knowing the extent which their resources fund the Left. Over 90 per cent of the 250 largest corporations stonewalled the Center's requests for information, so it had to rely on their filings with the IRS.

CRC grades the various influence peddlers on a scale of 1 to 8 according to their respect for property rights and free markets, then grades companies according to the weighted average of their grants. Major corporate supporters of the hard Left include American Express, Capital Cities/ABC, Martin Marietta, Sara Lee, Walt Disney, Humana, May's Department Stores, U.S. West, BankAmerica, Federal National Mortgage Corp, Pacific Telesis, Fleet/Norstar Financial, Primerica, Ryder, Baxter, Security Pacific, and the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corp. Call it the treason of the sharks.

The Sporting Life

WE OF COURSE offer no judgment on the guilt or innocence of Tonya Harding, but the assault on Nancy Kerrigan provokes some wider observations on modern sport. Football, rowing, tennis, and squash were upper-class in their origin and ethos, and although upper-class amateurs gradually lost their dominance, their manners remained as a standard. It was unthinkable that a player would give an umpire "the finger." Those manners, too, were chivalrous. In the finals at Forest Hills in 1940, Don McNeill defeated Bobby Riggs in five sets, even while throwing points when he thought Riggs had received a bad call.

Manners are the outward signature of morals. Good manners signified that the game itself was more important than "winning." No more. Even Ivy League players no longer say, "Nice shot." Tournament players maintain a sullen silence between

52 Electoral Votes 52

Cisneros is the straw boss;
  At FEMA, they sweat blood.
Ms. Feinstein bugs the White House
  And flays the folks at HUD.
Tent cities rise like toadstools
  As Mr. Clinton woos
Distracted Angelenos
  Before it's time to choose.

W. H. VON DREELE

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games. College football players routinely foul each other. Soccer even has the "professional foul"—the shameless resort to rule-breaking if an opponent would otherwise score. A few sports figures, like Nancy Kerrigan, Michael Chang, and Joe Paterno, remind us of the older style—but this is rare.

Given the wealth that sporting success can bring, it would be utopian to mourn the death of the amateur spirit. But the spirit of the "professional foul" must surely mean the death of sport altogether. If winning is the sole criterion, why keep rule-breaking within the rules or even within the game? Why not kick over the chess board to avoid checkmate? Or break the legs of a rival player off the field?

We have no ready solution to offer—except a strict enforcement of both the rules and the manners of the game. Send off players who defy the umpire, curse opponents, or foul howsoever professionally. We become virtuous, says Aristotle, by doing virtuous things. Perhaps if we are forced to be sportsmanlike, we will become sportsmen by and by.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

With regard to your article in the September 20 issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW: you had every right to expect an answer to your letter of August 31, 1991, seeking to check my memory of events back in the hectic Yale spring of 1970. And you had even more right to expect an answer to your courteous follow-up letter of November 1, in which you said you were "anxious not to falsify the record" about events that spring that involved the two of us and a possible visit by you to Calhoun College, "or to animate a historical misimpression," and that you did need to hear from me.

The fact is that earlier in August 1991 I underwent a heart attack that had me in the hospital for a couple of weeks and pretty much out of things for several months after that. All eventually went well, but when I was finally back in action I didn't have the stamina to answer the mail that had accumulated while I was away, except for messages of cheery hope about my convalescence.

I still have your letters, incidentally, and see them on my desk as I write. I glance at them remorsefully from time to time.

Let me add a word of appreciation for your nimble piece on Henry James's travel writings in last Sunday's *New York Times Book Review*.

Sincerely,
R. W. B. Lewis
Bethany, Conn.

Dear Mr. Lewis: Thanks very much for your letter. I hope you are fully recovered. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Linda
Re: Correction

Dear Bill: As you know, we have been working to get the gremlins out of our typesetting operation. But they had what we hope was a last fling at the expense of John Kunich, whose delicious song, "PC (Politically Correct)," we printed in our December 27 issue. The address from which interested readers can order a tape of the song should read as follows:

Mr. John Kunich
6545 Delmonico Drive, Apt. #213
Colorado Springs, Colorado 80919

Our apologies to Mr. Kunich, our readers, and you. All the best, L.

■ Dear Bill:

Since dismissed by Dr. yesterday as not yet terminally ill, been doing nothing with my hands. Except close the file on Marietta's cataract surgery. Cost-wise, that is. What cries for reform in the system is obvious: too much paperwork and too much bill padding. Otherwise, you be the judge:

a) For two hours' use of outpatient surgery facilities at Piedmont Hospital, total bill was $2,678, paid by Medicare and secondary (Met Life). Out of pocket: zero. Annual premium for husband and wife: about $1,200.

b) Surgeon's fee was $1,330. Out of pocket: $165. Medicare and secondary paid the rest.

c) Anesthesia. Bill was $506. Dr. "Numb U" *accepted* Medicare (one in a million!), for approximate amount of $176. Met Life had to kick in balance of $35. Out of pocket: zero.

Not bad at all in any latitude. *But* (from item list two pages long): "Pharmacy" $687? "Medic-surgical supplies" $1,351? "O.R. services" $640? "Eye-ophthalmic drape" $25! "Recovery room" (less than 20 minutes, I was there, I saw it: it's just a parking place with curtains in which they wheel the same gurney used before, during, and after surgery!) $150! How long does it take to amortize the initial purchase cost of those curtains?

That is what calls for radical reform! Otherwise, only $165 to restore excellent vision is a bargain.

Meilleures amitiés,
Gus
[August T. Renson]
Atlanta, Ga.

■ Dear Gus: Yes, Marietta's experience does tell it all, doesn't it? But the bureaucratic burden won't be a casualty of the Clinton reforms, is my guess. Warmest, Bill

—WFB

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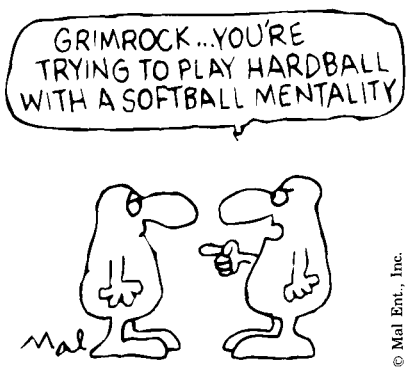
help

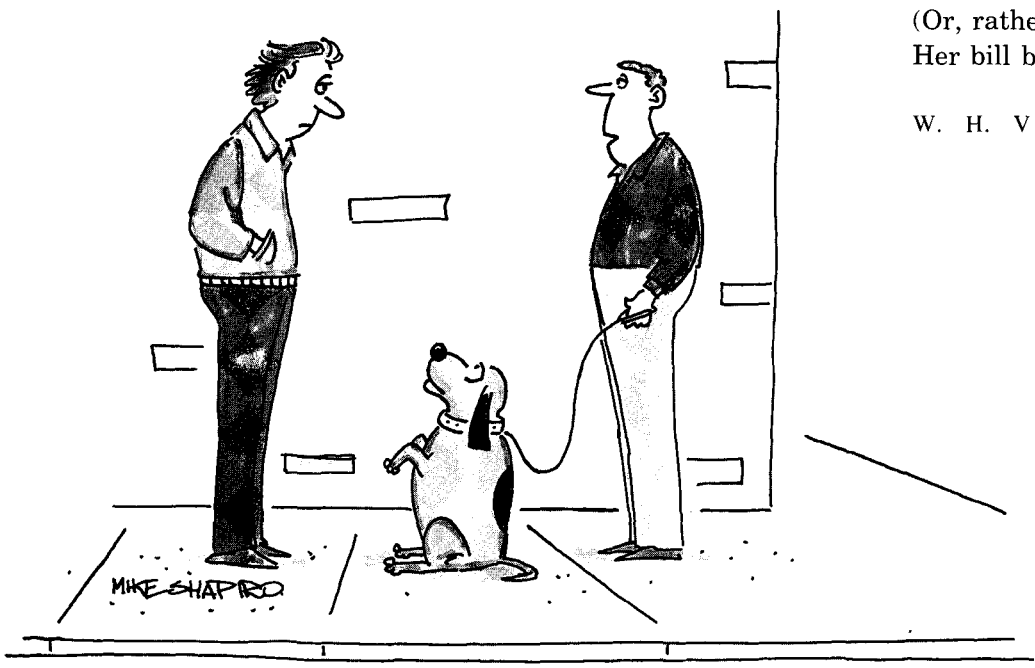
"Forget it. To you it's love. To her it's sexual harassment."



Senator Moynihan Objects

Though Mr. Clinton vowed to make
The welfare system rock and shake,
He said that then but this is now,
So kindly get behind the plow
(Or, rather, Hillary) and plug
Her bill before the thing goes *glug*.

W. H. VON DREELE



"His former owner was a liberal."

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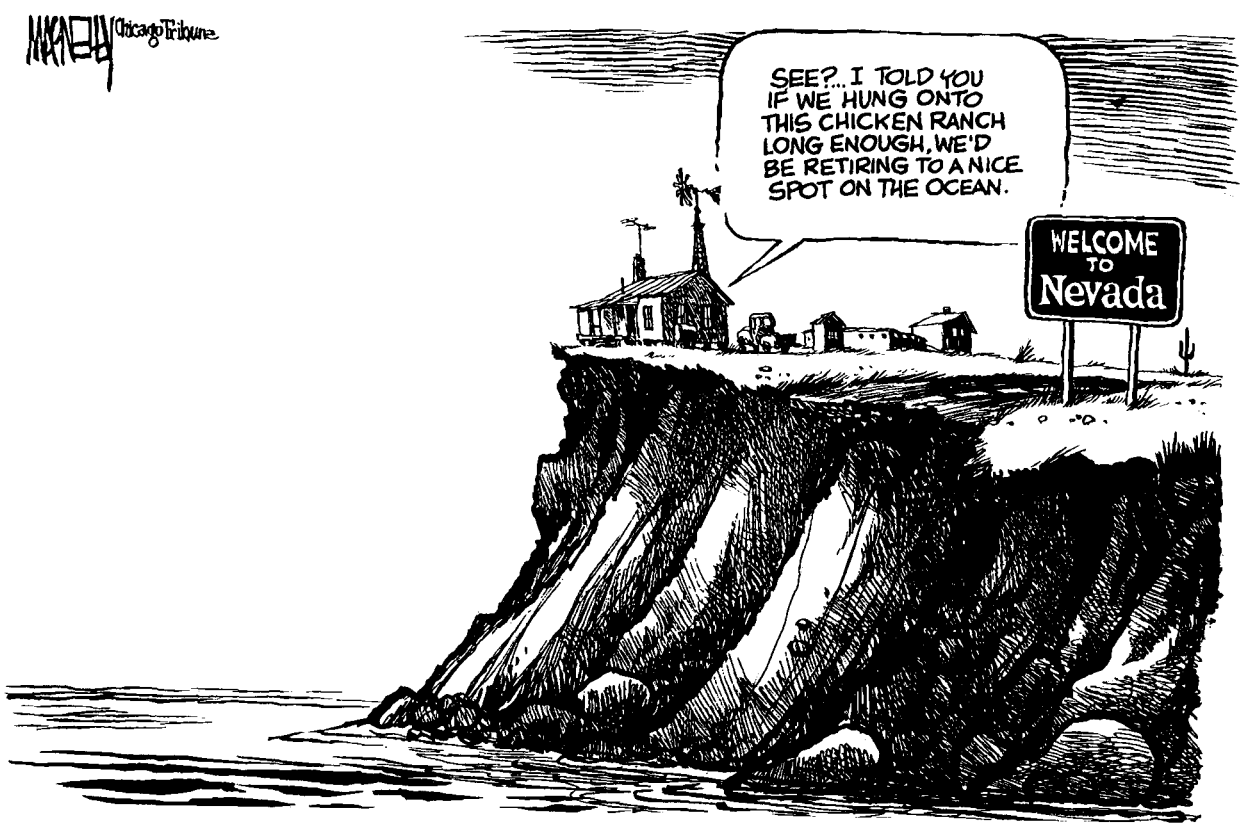
BROOKINS
WHITE HOUSE SECURITY
INMAN OUT
THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO KNOW IF EITHER OF US WOULD PLEASE CONSIDER BEING DEFENSE SECRETARY!?


MARSHALL Chicago Tribune
SEE?... I TOLD YOU IF WE HUNG ONTO THIS CHICKEN RANCH LONG ENOUGH, WE'D BE RETIRING TO A NICE SPOT ON THE OCEAN.
WELCOME TO Nevada

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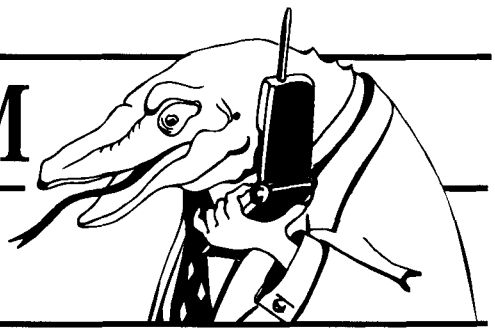
RANDOM WALK



■ With America's public schools spending almost $6,000 per pupil and student achievement scores falling, Wall Street is wondering why it costs so much to *not* educate our kids.

Enter the infant for-profit school-management industry. Private firms, including Educational Alternatives (EA) of Minneapolis, are starting to contract with school districts to operate their public schools. Cities such as Baltimore, Miami, and Minneapolis already contract with private, for-profit companies. Last month Washington, D.C., School Superintendent Franklin L. Smith rocked the education establishment when he announced that the city is investigating private management for its worst performing and least safe schools.

Private firms could hardly do worse than government. Nationwide, between 1970 and 1990 K–12 school enrollment rose 11 per cent, but the number of teachers increased 75 per cent; of central administrators, 140 per cent; and of "support staff," 250 per cent. In some urban districts, less than 40 cents of the school dollar is spent in classrooms. You don't have to be Peter Drucker to see the cost-cutting opportunities here.

EA, a spin-off of Control Data, is already capitalizing on them. In Baltimore, EA runs nine schools, teaching 4,800 kids. The EA-run schools are cleaner, safer, less costly. There even appears to be learning going on.

EA's stock is hot. Two years ago shares were selling for less than $10 on the NASDAQ. Since then EA has been a Wall Street darling, zooming to $47 a share in mid 1993 before settling at $35 by the year's end. With 1993 profits of only 18 cents a share, EA is selling at 200 times its earnings. "We're definitely not being traded on fundamentals," CFO Frank Kuhar says. Investors clearly see big growth potential.

EA's business partner, Johnson Controls, is also worth a look. In Baltimore, while EA tackles the teaching, Johnson operates and maintains the schools. Johnson's stock has also performed admirably—rising from $43 in 1993 to $53 last month.

The wildcard in this nascent industry is Chris Whittle's Edison Project. Whittle has made a fortune with his school-based Channel One TV program. Originally the firm was going to build for-profit private schools in 200 cities, but the undertaking proved too expensive. Whittle is planning now to duplicate EA's strategy.

What has investors so bullish is the bleak state of the competition. As conventional school reform looks increasingly futile, for-profit school operations have the makings of a growth industry for the 1990s.

■ "There's a fifty–fifty chance that we will have a crisis in the financial industry within two years. And the probability rises after 1995," warns Bert Ely, of Virginia's Ely & Co. Dubbed "the prophet of the thrift fiasco" by *The American Banker*, Ely predicted in 1987 that the price tag for closing failed thrifts would amount to at least $100 billion (when the other experts were guessing $50 billion tops).

The next financial crisis will be a response to what Ely calls the "indiscriminate regulatory overreaction" of federal bank regulators in 1989–91. Funds have drifted to higher-return investments, and the banking system's share of financial intermediation markets has dwindled to 29 per cent—from about 40 per cent in the mid 1980s and nearly 65 per cent in the 1950s. Ely sees the next crisis occurring in the bond and equity-funds market or in kitchen-sink securities (pools of high-risk, high-yield securitized loans). A rise in interest rates would have everyone "rushing for the door at the same time." Now might be the time to beat the crowd.

■ I loved reading *Money* when it ran tips on tax shelters in the Caymans. But January's cover story, "The Tax Revolt That Wrecked California," by Richard Reeves on California's Proposition 13, is an early front-runner for the worst business story of 1994. Reeves's fairy tale is crammed with fatuous statistics and tearful tales about "California's schools, services, and criminal-justice system failing for lack of funds." Hey, he forgot the earthquake.

So I decided to investigate. It turns out that in the ten years following the initiative, California's economy grew 50 per cent faster than the national average. Have state and local services been starved for "lack of funds"? Hardly. Between 1980 and 1992 the California budget expanded from $55 billion to $97 billion—a 75 per cent increase *above inflation*! It was not until 1991, when the legislature passed, and Pete Wilson signed, a $7.5-billion tax hike (which produced no revenue) that the state went bust.

So keep Proposition 13. As for *Money*, who needs a magazine to tell us how to pay more taxes? —GEKKO

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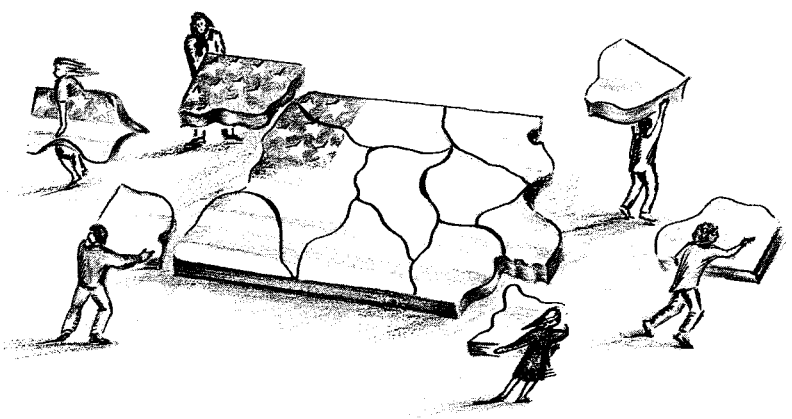
DEMYSTIFYING MULTICULTURALISM

LINDA CHAVEZ

MULTICULTURALISM is on the advance, everywhere from President Clinton's Cabinet to corporate boardrooms to public-school classrooms. If you believe the multiculturalists' propaganda, whites are on the verge of becoming a minority in the United States. The multiculturalists predict that this demographic shift will fundamentally change American culture—indeed destroy the very idea that America *has* a single, unified culture. They aren't taking any chances, however. They have enlisted the help of government, corporate leaders, the media, and the education establishment in waging a cultural revolution. But has America truly become a multicultural nation? And if not, will those who capitulate to these demands create a self-fulfilling prophecy?

At the heart of the argument is the assumption that the white population is rapidly declining in relation to the non-white population. A 1987 Hudson Institute report helped catapult this claim to national prominence. The study, *Workforce 2000*, estimated that by the turn of the century only 15 per cent of new workers would be white males. The figure was widely interpreted to mean that whites were about to become a minority in the workplace—and in the country.

In fact, white males will still constitute about 45 per cent—a plurality—of the workforce in the year 2000. The proportion of white men in the workforce *is* declining—it was nearly 51 per cent in 1980—but primarily because the proportion of white women is growing. They will make up 39 per cent of the workforce within ten years, according to government projections, up from 36 per cent in 1980. Together, white men and women will account for 84 per cent of all workers by 2000—hardly a minority share.



But the business world is behaving as if a demographic tidal wave is about to hit. A whole new industry of "diversity professionals" has emerged to help managers cope with the expected deluge of non-white workers. These consultants are paid as much as $10,000 a day to train managers to "value diversity," a term so ubiquitous that it has appeared in more than seven hundred articles in major newspapers in the last three years. According to Heather MacDonald in *The New Republic*, about half of Fortune 500 corporations now employ someone responsible for "diversity."

WHAT precisely does valuing diversity mean? The underlying assumptions seem to be that non-whites are so different from whites that employers must make major changes to accommodate them, and that white workers will be naturally resistant to including non-whites in their ranks. Public-opinion polls don't bear out the latter. They show that support among whites for equal job opportunity for blacks is extraordinarily high, exceeding 90 per cent as early as 1975. As for accommodating different cultures, the problem is not culture—or race, or ethnicity—but education. Many young people, in particular, are poorly prepared for work, and the problem is most severe among those who attended inner-city schools, most of them blacks and Hispanics.

Nevertheless, multiculturalists insist on treating race and ethnicity as if they were synonymous with culture. They presume that skin color and national origin, which are immutable traits, determine values, mores, language, and other cultural attributes, which, of course, are learned. In the multiculturalists' world view, African-Americans, Puerto Ricans, or Chinese-Americans living in New York City have more in common with persons of their ancestral group living in Lagos or San Juan or Hong Kong than they do with other New Yorkers who are white. Culture becomes a fixed entity, transmitted, as it were, in the genes, rather than through experience. Thus, "Afrocentricity," a variant of multiculturalism, is "a way of being," its exponents claim. According to a leader of the Afrocentric education movement, Molefi Kete Asante, there is "one African Cultural System manifested in diversities," whether one speaks of Afro-Brazilians, Cubans, or Nigerians (or, presumably, African-Americans). Ex-

Miss Chavez, director of the Center for the New American Community, is John M. Olin fellow at the Manhattan Institute and author of Out of the Barrio *(Basic).*

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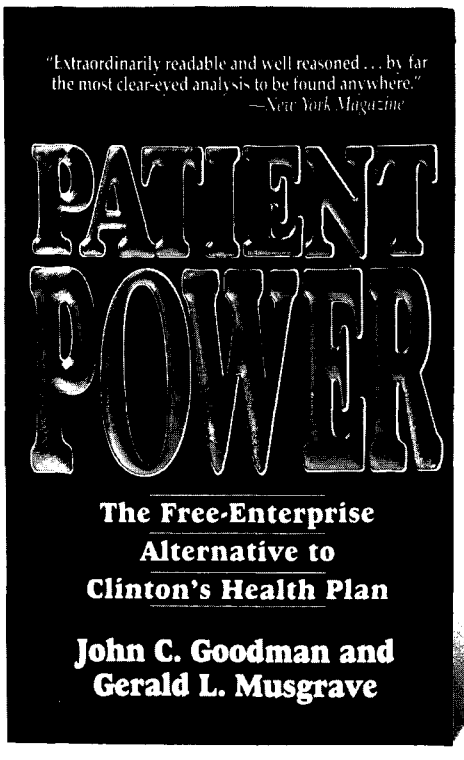
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actly how this differs from the traditional racist notion that all blacks (Jews, Mexicans, Chinese, etc.) think alike is unclear. What is clear is that the multiculturalists have abandoned the ideal that all persons should be judged by the content of their character, not the color of their skin. Indeed, the multiculturalists seem to believe that a person's character is *determined* by the color of his skin and by his ancestry.

Such convictions lead multiculturalists to conclude that, again in the words of Asante, "[T]here is no common American culture." The logic is simple, but wrong-headed: Since Americans (or more often, their fore-

Balkanization in the Air

NEW YORK—"gorgeous mosaic" or urban Bosnia? What do the reactions to Colin Ferguson's shooting 25 commuters on the Long Island Rail Road, apparently because they were "white," suggest as an answer to our question?

Talk-show hosts and callers on the black-oriented radio stations WLIB and WWRL treated the gunman as a black Everyman, an archetypal bearer of black rage—at once a victim and a hero. On Clayton Riley's program on WLIB, NAACP counsel Laura Blackburne said she "grieved" for "Mr. Ferguson because he is as much a victim as the rest of us. How could we permit a man to walk around with such bottled up rage?"

The mayhem on the 5:33 train was retribution for the whites' sins against blacks, one caller explained. "These people who enslaved our fathers, enslaved our mothers—they earned it."

Riley himself said Ferguson "is no more enraged about a whole lot of things than I am and a whole lot of other people are." He had "snapped"; they had not—not yet.

On WWRL, American and Caribbean blacks joined in blaming white racism for black failure and rage—Ferguson's and theirs. "It just shows you how the system here can destroy people's minds psychologically," said a Jamaican woman. "When you refuse housing, jobs, and, you know, drives people crazy [*sic*]. He's from Jamaica. . . . He was not used to the racism that exists in America. . . . We can't just blame the person."

The shooting was a warning, many thought. "White people are just not going to get the message," said one. "They're going to refuse to understand. . . . They're going to get shot with their own guns."

The Reverend Joseph Lowery, head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, rejects the notion that the LIRR shooting was a hate crime. "People who deliberately set out to violate the rights of blacks, who take a guy out of a car and burn him, that's a hate crime," he says. "It's not the same thing as a guy who blows his stack or suffers a brain explosion and goes berserk."

Al Sharpton characterized Ferguson as a deranged loner rather than an anti-white and anti-Asian racist. "The press jumped to make it a racial incident and to blame people like us . . . rather than to deal with the fact that [Ferguson] is a sick man," Sharpton complained.

Of course, Ferguson could be both mad *and* bad (and thus dangerous to know)—a deranged loner whose mental illness was given a push by the surrounding atmosphere of anti-white racism and black victimhood. Tocqueville noted in his *Recollections* that the 1848 revolution was preceded by the appearance of madmen ranting in the streets and cafés of Paris. These madmen were, in effect, deranged prophets who had distilled their frenzy from the surrounding miasma of social and political hatreds. Might not Colin Ferguson be just such an interpreter?

Despite enormous civil-rights and political gains over the past two and a half decades, not only has black rage not subsided, it has been elevated to a virtue, a badge of honor sported by the black privileged class as well as the underclass. And because a guilt-ridden white establishment has ignored or excused expressions of this "rage," the most vile and absurd racial slanders have gone uncontradicted. Hence white racism becomes the explanation for every ill that befalls the black community.

The militant editor and publisher of New York's *Amsterdam News*, Bill Tatum, wrote that the shooting was a reaction to the defeat of a black incumbent mayor by a white Republican. Ferguson reflected "the unrest, anger, and resentment, and feelings that white media played a role in the loss of Dinkins."

Other "root causes" radicals gave Ferguson a broader historical perspective. In a *City Sun* op-ed, Professor Sam Pinn of Ramapo College compared Ferguson to Nat Turner and called his massacre a justified political act—like the Watts riot and the Los Angeles "rebellion."

Among radical blacks Ferguson gained mythic stature, and his defense became a "cause." When at his "Stop the Killing" rally in New York, Louis Farrakhan mentioned the LIRR shooting, he drew cheers from the audience. According to Guyanese-American attorney Colin Moore, when Ferguson was walked to his cell in shackles and handcuffs, his black fellow prisoners "got up and gave him a standing ovation."

In the cacophony, it was not Jesse Jackson or David Dinkins but half a dozen ordinary black New Yorkers—Jessica, Barbara, Anne, Ross, and Jill—who crossed the racial divide.

Jessica called Bob Grant on white-oriented WABC to say that Ferguson was "not a hero to us, because killing people because of race and color is not being a hero."

"I am black and I'm outraged at [Ferguson]," said Barbara. "As far as Al Sharpton and his crew, it's people like that who make me ashamed of being black."

The others expressed similar sentiments. "I would like to join those other women," said Anne, "and to say that there are more of us than there are of the others. . . . We're proud of our country, and we have morals, and we have values." These black callers showed more courage and honesty in a few minutes than New York's establishment has been able to muster in two decades.

—MINOO SOUTHGATE

Minoo Southgate, who writes mainly on race and black politics, lives in New York.

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But praise from me brought him glares from the White House, and Admiral Inman — recorders whirring — called me to denounce "irreparable harm you have done by revealing our sources and methods." It was hard to believe that the Libyans did not know that all embassy phone lines were routinely tapped, but I respectfully asked if he would entertain one question.

ICILY, THE ADMIRAL informed me he never talked to the press, but what was it I wanted to know? I asked him how a grown man could go through life calling himself "Bobby"; he slammed down the phone.

Downhill from there. As Barry Goldwater's man at the C.I.A., he became convinced that Bill Casey and I were conspiring to block his advancement. This was because I reported that Inman, in a not-for-attribution

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bears) hail from many different places, each of which has its own specific culture, the argument goes, America must be multicultural. And it is becoming more so every day as new immigrants bring their cultures with them.

Indeed, multiculturalists hope to ride the immigrant wave to greater power and influence. They have certainly done so in education. Some 2.3 million children who cannot speak English well now attend public school, an increase of 1 million in the last seven years. Multicultural advocates cite the presence of such children to demand bilingual education and other multicultural services. The Los Angeles Unified School District alone currently offers instruction in Spanish, Armenian, Korean, Cantonese, Tagalog, Russian, and Japanese. Federal and state governments now spend literally billions of dollars on these programs.

Ironically, the multiculturalists' emphasis on education undercuts their argument that culture is inextricable from race or national origin. They are acutely aware just how fragile cultural identification is; why else are they so adamant about reinforcing it? Multiculturalists insist on teaching immigrant children in their native language, instructing them in the history and customs of their native land and imbuing them with reverence for their ancestral heroes, lest these youngsters be seduced by American culture. Far from losing faith in the power of assimilation, they seem to believe that without a heavy dose of multicultural indoctrination, immigrants won't be able to resist it. And they're right, though it remains to be seen whether anything, including the multiculturalists' crude methods, will ultimately detour immigrants from the assimilation path.

The urge to assimilate has traditionally been overpowering in the United States, especially among the children of immigrants. Only groups that maintain strict rules against intermarriage with persons outside the group, such as Orthodox Jews and the Amish, have ever succeeded in preserving distinct, full-blown cultures within American society. (It is interesting to note that religion seems to be a more effective deterrent to full assimilation than the secular elements of culture, including language.) Although many Americans worry that Hispanic immigrants, for example, are not learning English and will therefore fail to assimilate into the American mainstream, little evidence supports the case. By the third generation in the United States, a majority of Hispanics, like other ethnic groups, speak only English and are closer to other Americans on most measures of social and economic status than they are to Hispanic immigrants. On one of the most rigorous gauges of assimilation—intermarriage—Hispanics rank high. About one-third of young third-generation Hispanics marry non-Hispanic whites, a pattern similar to that of young Asians. Even for blacks, exogamy rates, which have been quite low historically, are going up; about 3 per cent of blacks now marry outside their group.

THE IMPETUS for multiculturalism is not coming from immigrants, but from their more affluent and assimilated native-born counterparts. The proponents are most often the elite—the best educated and most successful members of their respective racial and ethnic groups. College campuses, where the most radical displays of multiculturalism take place, are fertile recruiting grounds. Last May, for example, a group of Mexican-American students at UCLA, frustrated that the university would not elevate the school's 23-year-old Chicano-studies program to full department status, stormed the faculty center, breaking windows and furniture and causing half a million dollars in damage. The same month, a group of Asian-American students at UC Irvine went on a hunger strike to pressure administrators into hiring more professors of Asian-American studies. These were not immigrants, or even, by and large, disadvantaged students, but middle-class beneficiaries of their parents' or grandparents' successful assimilation to the American mainstream.

The protestors' quest had almost nothing to do with any effort to maintain their ethnic identity. For the most part, such students probably never thought of themselves as anything but American before they entered college. A recent study of minority students at the University of California at Berkeley found that most Hispanic and Asian students "discovered" their ethnic identity after they arrived on campus—when they also discovered that they were victims of systematic discrimination. As one Mexican-American freshman summed it up, she was "unaware of the things that have been going on with our people, all the injustice we've suffered, how the world really is. I thought racism didn't exist and here, you know, it just comes to light." The researchers added that "students of color" had difficulty pinpointing exactly what constituted this "subtle form of the new racism. . . . There was much talk about certain facial expressions, or the way people look, and how white students 'take over the class' and speak past you."

Whatever their new-found victim status, these students look amazingly like other Americans on most indices. For example, the median family income of Mexican-American students at Berkeley in 1989 was $32,500, slightly above the national median for all Americans that year, $32,191; and 17 per cent of those students came from families that earned more than $75,000 a year, even though they were admitted to the university under affirmative-action programs (presumably because they suffered some educational disadvantage attributed to their ethnicity).

Affirmative-action programs make less and less sense as discrimination diminishes in this society—which it indisputably has—and as minorities improve their economic status. Racial and ethnic identity, too, might wane if there weren't such aggressive efforts to ensure that this not happen. The multiculturalists know they risk losing their constituency if young blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and others don't maintain strong racial and ethnic affiliations. Younger generations must be *trained* to think of themselves as members of oppressed minority groups entitled to special treatment. And the government provides both the incentives and the money to ensure that this happens. Meanwhile, the main beneficiaries are the multicultural professionals, who often earn exorbitant incomes peddling identity.

One particularly egregious example occurred in the District of Columbia last fall. The school system paid $250,000 to a husband-and-wife consultant team to produce an Afrocentric study guide to be used in a single public elementary school. Controversy

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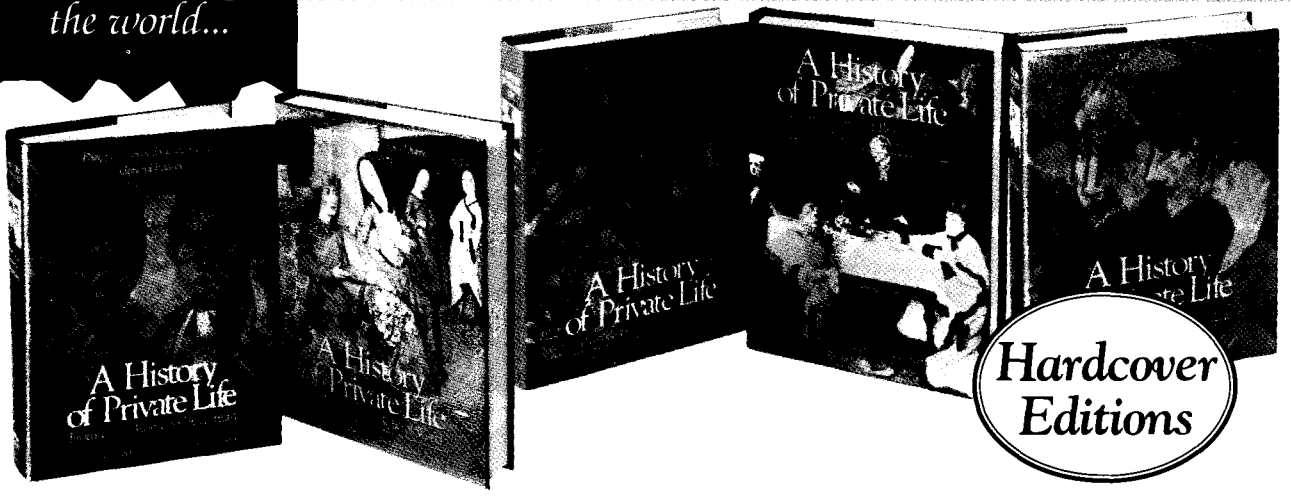
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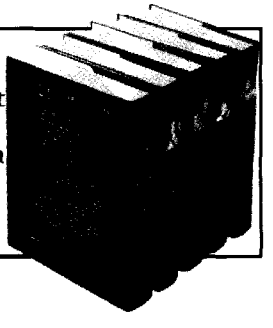

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erupted after the two spent three years and produced only a five-page outline. Although the husband had previously taught at Howard University, the wife's chief credential was a master's degree from an unaccredited "university" which she and her husband had founded. When the *Washington Post* criticized the school superintendent for his handling of the affair, he called a press conference to defend the couple, who promptly claimed they were the victims of a racist vendetta.

D.C. students rank lowest in the nation in math and fourth-lowest in verbal achievement; one can only wonder what $250,000 in tutoring at one school might have done. Instead, the students were treated to bulletin boards in the classrooms proclaiming on their behalf: "We are the sons and daughters of The Most High. We are the princes and princesses of African kings and queens. We are the descendants of our black ancestors. We are black and we are proud." This incident is not unique. Thousands of consultants with little or no real expertise sell feel-good programs to school systems across the nation.

MULTICULTURALISM is not a grassroots movement. It was created, nurtured, and expanded through government policy. Without the expenditure of vast sums of public money, it would wither away and die. That is not to say that ethnic communities would disappear from the American scene or that groups would not retain some attachment to their ancestral roots. American assimilation has always entailed some give and take, and American culture has been enriched by what individual groups brought to it. The distinguishing characteristic of American culture is its ability to incorporate so many disparate groups, creating a new whole from the many parts. What could be more American, for example, than jazz and film, two distinctive art forms created, respectively, by blacks and immigrant Jews but which all Americans think of as their own? But in the past, government—especially public schools—saw it as a duty to try to bring newcomers into the fold by teaching them English, by introducing them to the great American heroes as their own, by instilling respect for American institutions. Lately, we have nearly reversed course, treating each group, new and old, as if what is most important is to preserve its separate identity and space.

It is easy to blame the ideologues and radicals who are pushing the disuniting of America, to use Arthur Schlesinger's phrase, but the real culprits are those who provide multiculturalists the money and the access to press their cause. Without the acquiescence of policy-makers and ordinary citizens, multiculturalism would be no threat. Unfortunately, most major institutions have little stomach for resisting the multicultural impulse—and many seem eager to comply with whatever demands the multiculturalists make. Americans should have learned by now that policy matters. We have only to look at the failure of our welfare and crime policies to know that providing perverse incentives can change the way individuals behave—for the worse. Who is to say that if we pour enough money into dividing Americans we won't succeed? □

Workforce Diversity: PC's Final Frontier?

FREDERICK R. LYNCH

IN RESEARCHING his new novel on sexual harassment, Michael Crichton was stunned to discover that none of the corporate executives he talked to was aware of the rising influence of feminism. When Crichton mentioned legal scholar Catharine MacKinnon, they scoffed that she was simply a "professor."

Ignoring ivory-tower ideological trends has cost business billions of dollars. Twenty years ago, the radical egalitarians of Political Correctness began the long march from the universities to the think tanks and the media, and on into social policy via the courts and government agencies. And now PC is in the White House.

PC long escaped serious criticism by manipulating white guilt and threatening potential critics as "racist." This ideology is built upon a colorized class struggle in which white males (formerly the "bourgeoisie") oppress women and minorities (formerly the "proletariat"), and lack of equal results in terms of either ethnicity or gender is primarily the result of deeply embedded racism and sexism. This world view, in turn, has produced a host of expensive policies to achieve proportional results, in everything from hiring to mortgage lending.

But things can always get worse. President Clinton's rhetoric about "workplace fairness" and his publicized efforts to build a government that "looks like America" signal the arrival of a new future-oriented proportionalism, known as "managing diversity." Diversity management leaves behind the bad press of a backward-looking, shrill affirmative action, and looks forward to an impending majority–minority America. It helps business harness this demographic destiny by exorcising the invisible demons of institutional racism/sexism and by cleansing white-male culture. Thus restructured, multicultural employers will retain and promote more minorities and women, gaining "the diversity advantage" in matching workforce ethnicity with an increasingly diverse customer base. "We've got to get right with the future!" commands *Miami Herald* publisher David Lawrence.

DIVERSITY management is more than a fad, yet less than an established field. It's a partly organized policy crusade with a mix of highly credentialed professionals, committed ideologues, curious CEOs and consultants, and employed

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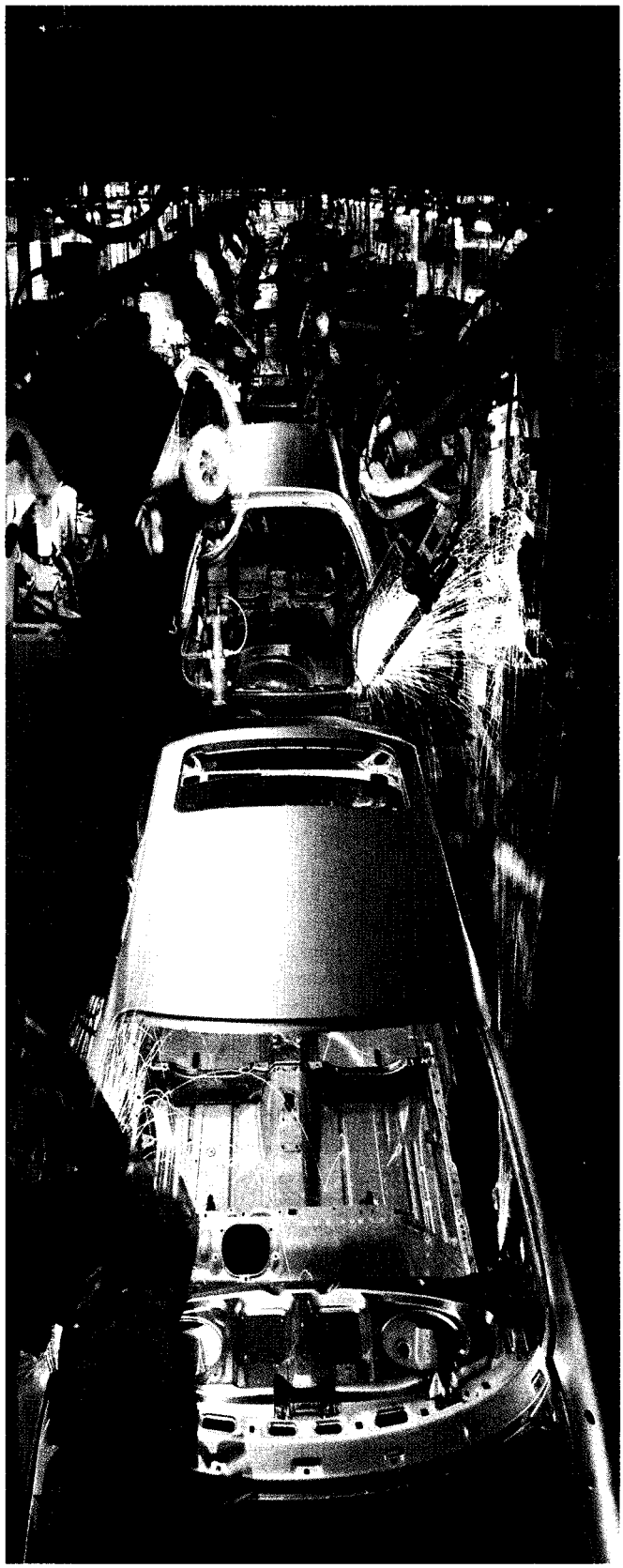

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and unemployed affirmative-action officers. Diversity consultants (most of whom are minority and/or female) offer a range of specialties from keynote speeches (stars fetch up to $10,000), to one-day mini-anthropology courses (for about $1,500 to $3,000), to long-term organizational makeovers (average: about $225,000).

Estimates vary widely, but about 30 to 50 per cent of major corporations and government agencies have some such programs on the books. Apple, Avon, Digital, DuPont, Hughes, and others have made workforce diversity an explicit corporate goal. Hughes has a Director of Diversity and U.S. West has a Director of Pluralism. Prudential Insurance is one of several corporations that link executives' performance evaluations (and/or bonuses) to their records on promoting female and minority employees. Some consultants urge corporations to follow the lead of major universities, such as Michigan and California, and use set-aside "targets of diversity" positions to increase workforce diversity.

Some of the issues that diversity management arose to address are real. There *is* heavy immigration into the United States. There *are* ethnic and gender tensions in the workplace. Employers in areas like Los Angeles and New York *do* face bewildering cultural variations among employees and customers. Cultures *do* contain taken-for-granted rules that can cause substantial frictions.

How do we deal with these changes? Who accommodates to whom? Should employees continue to assimilate into organizational cultures premised on Western values? Or should we "celebrate differences" and critique organizational cultures allegedly created by and for white males in order to make other people more comfortable?

Sondra Thiederman and Tom Kochman are fairly non-ideological PhD pros who offer sensible cross-cultural instruction about the thoughtways and habits of black, minority-immigrant, and female employees and customers. (They're careful to talk about diversity *within* cultural groups and not to create new stereotypes—an admitted problem in the diversity biz.)

But the more ambitious gurus of diversity management—such as Elsie Cross, R. Roosevelt Thomas (*Beyond Race and Gender*), and Ann Morrison (*The Glass Ceiling, The New Leaders*)—see assimilation as a cover for white male domination. Consultants' proposals for expensive "cultural audits" and subsequent changes in formal and informal rules and procedures are rooted in multiculturalism's axiom that there are no universal or objective standards. Therefore, all "qualifications" such as grades, test scores, and diplomas are suspect.

So distorted are the laws—not to mention the ideals—concerning nondiscriminatory equal treatment that cynical CEOs do not blink when diversity consultants prescribe culturally adjusted "fair treatment" of employees rather than Eurocentric "equal treatment." For example, it might be unfair to evaluate equally white males and Asians on such criteria as "taking initiative" or "showing originality"; many Asians, it is held, are reluctant to challenge authority. (CEOs do wince, however, at diversity consultants' fondest dream: "managerial accountability"—tying performance evaluations and pay to achieving diversity goals.)

Are these programs effective? Testimonials abound, but there is little systematic evidence that the policies produce long-term benefits. On the contrary, a recent UC Irvine survey of Orange County firms that tried diversity training found that it *increased* conflicts among employees. The field is rife with stories of "blow-ups"—as occurred when several senior executives at a California utility stormed out of a simulation exercise after being told to sit on the floor as members of an "oppressed group." There can also be incredible abuses. *Campus* magazine recently reported that a University of Cincinnati trainer persistently badgered a white male graduate student, impugning the student's family and stating that the recent death of his father "removed one more racist influence" from his life.

IN THE absence of compelling evidence that the policies are effective, why are they spreading?

First, diversity management has thrived in a political vacuum. The Reagan and Bush Administrations were unable or unwilling to challenge proportioned arguments. Former civil-rights commissioner John Bunzel recalls being told by a Reagan Administration official that "no one here knows how to talk about this stuff." Reverse-discrimination complaints from rank-and-file whites beyond the Beltway were ignored or stigmatized. There was no substantial respectable resistance to the pressure for diversity. So it spread.

Second, diversity management was given a powerful economic rationale by, ironically, the neoconservative Hudson Institute in its *Workforce 2000*. Shortly after this impressive report was issued, in 1987, R. Roosevelt Thomas Jr., then at the Harvard Business School, named and formally launched the new field with his seminal 1989 *Harvard Business Review* article, "From Affirmative Action to Affirming Diversity." Thomas likened the changing American workforce to a new fuel mixture flowing into an engine; the engine, he argued, would have to be rebuilt to utilize diverse talents more efficiently.

Third, CEO skepticism about *Workforce 2000* projections could be squelched by pointing to the rapid transformation of sections of southern California and Florida into Third World enclaves. "The future is now in L.A.!" diversity consultants fondly chirped, until the 1992 riots shattered the multicultural mecca. (Honolulu is being considered as a replacement.)

Fourth, as with affirmative action, court decisions and government action loom increasingly large. The 1991 Civil Rights Act and recent court cases have increased the risk of employers' losing discrimination lawsuits on the grounds of lack of workforce proportionality. Even before Clinton's election, government regulators were sending signals that it was not enough to hire women and minorities; they must be retained and promoted as well. This was the obvious implication of the Department of Labor's 1991 "Glass Ceiling Report." Upcoming hearings by the department's Glass Ceiling Commission are expected to produce new regulations.

In part, then, diversity management has become a kind of protection racket. Consultants claim that diversity training can prevent or reduce costly court settlements and ease government compliance problems. Again, there's no proof of this; but it seems reasonable that judges and federal regulators would smile on diversity training as demonstrating "good faith efforts" toward diversity.

No one knows for sure, but perhaps half or more of all diversity training is

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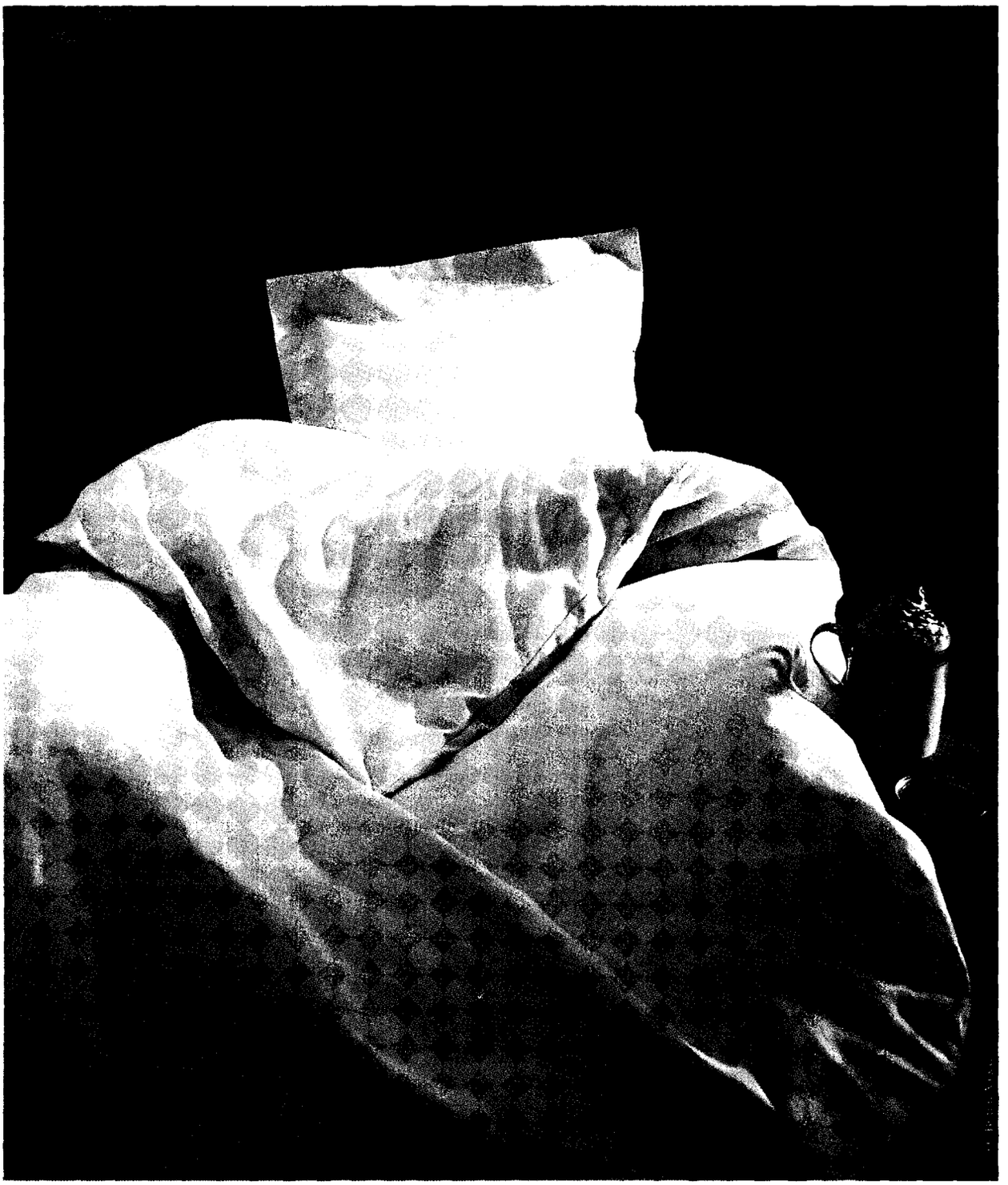

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directly the result of past, present, or feared future legal problems. This may be a source of the widespread grumbling among consultants about diversity management being "stuck in the one-day training mode" rather than moving on to more sweeping organizational reform. Employers may be buying only as much protection as they think they need.

As a result, while some consultants get rich, most don't. Even well-known authors such as Anita Rowe and Lee Gardenswartz admit, "You can't make a living off this alone." And the field is flooded with newcomers. A poll of consultants by the newsletter *Cultural Diversity at Work* found 50 per cent registering "some complaint of trainer incompetence." Indeed, the stars worry about hordes of neophytes getting into trouble and giving the entire field a bad name. "If you're going to open a can of worms," warns Anita Rowe, "you'd better know how to make worm soufflé."

DIVERSITY management's major problems, however, stem from its deep ambivalence toward its disreputable twin, affirmative action. Tensions related to this issue run like a fault line beneath the diversity movement.

Even the definition of "diversity" sets off tremors. As suggested in the title of his book *Beyond Race and Gender*, R. Roosevelt Thomas wants to expand diversity efforts to include age and generational differences, family problems, and education. But veteran affirmative-action officers with civil-rights backgrounds bristle at all this, fearing that an expanded focus will dilute, even endanger, gains made for minorities and women.

In any case, diversity management has acquired the affirmative-action stigma. Consultants fret about being seen as professional minorities rather than minority professionals. The usually savvy Lewis Griggs, a suave, white male Stanford MBA, stumbled on this landmine and precipitated a partial walkout from his 1991 workshop on "gaining access to the white male power structure." Pressed to reveal the secret of his own access, Griggs innocently admitted that he was a white male selling to other white males. "I know their language, their culture." This was formally consistent with the multicultural theories underlying the "diversity" movement, but it was not appreciated.

The success of white males like Griggs is received with mixed emotions. PC's race and gender determinism dictates that only women and minorities can do diversity work because only they have experienced true oppression. But consultants are desperate to counter the number-one rated problem: "backlash" or "resistance" by white male workers.

White males nearly picked apart a one-day workshop for middle-management municipal workers I observed in suburban L.A. Through a combination of silence and increasing sniping about reverse discrimination they rattled the two trainers. "Don't scapegoat!" one trainer finally fired back.

The personnel manager intervened at one point. "We don't have quotas," she snapped, "we have goals." Several people laughed.

"White male inclusion" is much discussed in print and at conferences. But diversity management is so pickled in PC that most trainers can't comprehend, much less admit, that for two decades millions of white males have been excluded from jobs or promotions by tactics such as race-norming of test scores, set-aside positions, etc. "We know it doesn't happen," argues California consultant Frances Kendall. "It's all in their heads."

Many diversity advocates have wearied of arguing and now quietly rationalize white-male resistance to PC approaches as "anxiety" over "loss of privilege." Says Anita Rowe: "Being a white male is like being born on third base and imagining you've hit a triple." Such threadbare rationalizations of real social conflicts suggest major trouble for clients down the line.

The more radical forms of diversity management are tied to the fortunes of multiculturalism and PC. Like the original Stalinist version, American PC arose in the 1970s to shield egalitarian ideals and reforms by denying or suppressing contradictory facts. But the explosion of crime among urban youth, out-of-control immigration, the difficulties of single-parent families, and the inefficiencies and resentments bred by quotas now defy denial or rationalization. To borrow Roosevelt Thomas's metaphor, the engine of business will not run on a mix of real and politically colored data.

One timebomb is the fact that affirmative-action formulae designed to help blacks now hurt them in cities where their numbers are declining relative to immigrant minorities. Thus, Latinos in L.A. are demanding their "fair share" of government jobs—from blacks.

Indeed, diversity management may be haunted by its slogan: "The future is now in L.A." Right now, L.A.'s multicultural future looks grim. Even before the 1992 "rainbow riots," immigration was fueling a growing disparity between taxpayers (aging whites) and tax receivers (mostly immigrants). Gated communities, random violence, and overcrowded immigrant apartments suggest Brazilification.

So obvious is massive white flight out of southern California that Jay Leno recently quipped: "People in Los Angeles share a dream: moving to Seattle." If rising laughter and ridicule signal a breakdown in ruling ideas, PC is in trouble. □

Nationhood: An American Activity

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

IF WE WERE to approach a passer-by in Paris, London, or Berlin and ask him the question: "What is a Frenchman (or an Englishman, or a German)?" we might not get a clever reply, or an accurate reply, or in Germany a short reply. What we would get, however, would be a reply. The

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speaker would know what the entity in question *was*—even if he could not always describe it in a convincing way. He would not be baffled by the question, nor confess that he had always wondered the same thing.

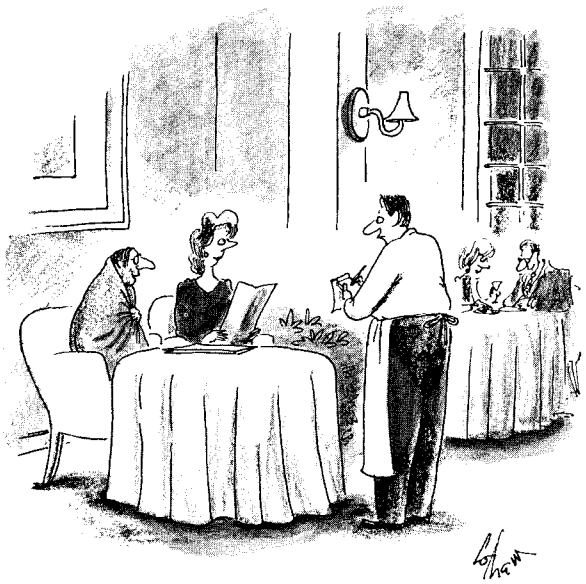
But if we are to believe the learned journals, magazines of opinion, op-ed pages, and television talk shows, the same question here would produce a puzzled and astonished response. Acres of print are spent agonizing over the question: "What is an American?" It is said by some to mean a legal resident or citizen of the United States; by others to mean a member of one of the many ethnic groups such as Italian-Americans, combining to form the U.S.; by others to signify an American national identity of an ethnic kind, similar to a French or British identity; and by perhaps the dominant opinion to mean someone who subscribes to the principles of the Declaration of Independence embodied in the Constitution.

Since it would be futile to hope that an essay on public affairs could contain anything like *suspense*, let me give my own conclusion at the start. It is commonly said that America is more than a nation; it is an idea. My thesis is the precise opposite: America is more than an idea; it is a nation. This distinction is of more than theoretical consequence; it has profound implications for such questions as racial and ethnic quotas, bilingual education, immigration (legal and illegal), and above all multiculturalism.

Like everyone else who has ever addressed the topic of American nationhood, I begin with Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, who asked in 1782 in *Letters from an American Farmer*: "What then is the American, this new man?" and answered: "He is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles." Indeed, both admirers and detractors of the American idea have seen the American as something new under the sun, and the American Revolution as a *caesura* in human history, bringing a new order based upon liberal political principles into the world.

Thus Emerson: "the asylum of all nations . . . the energy of Irish, Germans, Swedes, Poles and Cossacks, and all the European tribes, of the Africans and of the Polynesians, will construct a *new* race . . . as vigorous as the new Europe which came out of the smelting pot of the Dark Ages."

Or Tocqueville: "Imagine, my dear friend, if you can, a society formed of all the nations of the world . . . people having different languages, beliefs, opinions: in a word, a society without roots, without memories, without prejudices, without routines, without common ideas, *without a national character*, yet a hundred times happier than our own." (My emphasis.)



"Nothing for him—he's on a hunger strike."

What these tributes establish is that the rise of America and Americans was something dramatic, important, and, in the eyes of most observers, good—an improvement on the rivalries and oppression of the Old World. But in what sense was it *new*? Had a different human personality been forged in the revolutionary heat of 1776, as Christianity seems to have brought forth a new kind of human being in the first centuries after Christ, and as the Bolsheviks hoped to bring forth New Soviet Man? Or, as the comparison by Emerson to the new Europe that formed after the Dark Ages suggests, was the American new in a less radical sense? Were Crèvecoeur, Emerson, Tocqueville, and others witnessing not the birth of a new kind of man but merely a splendid yet still routine historical event: namely, the birth of a new nation?

IF AMERICA is a nation not *quite* like any other, but also not wholly *unlike* any other, as I shall end up arguing, this is reflected in its history. The process of nation-building had its hard and realistic side from the first. The Tories were, of course, expropriated and driven out. Some of the Founders—as Lawrence Auster points out in his searing polemic *Suicide of a Nation*—were worried about immigration not on racial or even cultural grounds, but because they feared that immigrants from European monarchies would lack a natural fidelity to republican principles. Their concern was, in effect, for a social cohesion founded upon at least a philosophical homogeneity. As Thomas Jefferson, sounding on this occasion very like Alexander Hamilton and even like Pat Buchanan, said: "Suppose 20 millions of republican Americans thrown all of a sudden into France, what would be the condition of that kingdom? If it would be more turbulent, less happy, less strong, we believe that the addition of half a million foreigners to our present numbers would produce a similar effect here."

And that same consideration led the new Americans, despite their heterogeneous origins, to insist on a common language. A 1796 proposal to publish three thousand sets of federal laws in German was defeated in the House of Representatives. Indeed, except in the little matter of allegiance, the bulk of new Americans *were* British. One might say, indeed, as Balfour said of Gladstone, that they were "Tories in everything except essentials." And they set the mold for this new society. "The curse of Babel," said Herman Melville, had been revoked in America; "and the language they shall speak shall be the language of Britain."

And not just the language. As Arthur Schlesinger notes in his fine essay *The Disuniting of America*, on which I have drawn freely (as I have also drawn freely on the work of Russell Kirk, Lawrence Auster, and Peter Brimelow): "the language of the new nation, its laws, its institutions, its po-

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litical ideas, its customs, its precepts, its prayers, derived principally from Britain."

Although this cultural heritage has subsequently been modified and enriched by the adhesion of different heritages, it has nonetheless remained the central tradition of American civilization—until today. For it is now challenged by the new ideology of multiculturalism—an ideology which, in effect, revives and takes seriously the *radical* vision of American exceptionalism, of America as an idea, of 1776 as a *caesura* in human history, of the American as a new kind of human being "without a national character"—in order to reprove past and present generations of Americans for failing to implement that vision in the first two hundred years of the Republic.

ULTIMATELY, multiculturalism is a theory of American nationality. It sees America as "more than a nation, an idea." (Indeed, the man who coined that pregnant phrase was Horace Kallen, the great guru of "cultural pluralism," a precursor doctrine of multiculturalism.) It accepts the central tenet of the dominant *liberal* theory of American nationality—namely, that America is a set of political, constitutional, and legal principles. But where the liberal theory sees these principles as protecting and uniting individuals and individual rights, multiculturalist theory sees them as protecting groups and group rights—in particular ethnic groups and ethnic identities.

Protecting yes; uniting no. Multiculturalism regards assimilation as a form of oppression; its vision is of America as a permanent conversation among different tribes. As Kallen himself wrote at the start of this century, the nation was not one people but "a federation or commonwealth of national cultures . . . a democracy of nationalities, cooperating voluntarily and autonomously through common institutions."

Because of the collective emphasis, we might call multiculturalism the *socialist* theory of American nationality, in contrast to the liberal theory that sees Americans as rights-bearing individuals who pledge allegiance less to the American nation than to the principles of the U.S. Constitution.

Kallen's premature version of the theory flourished briefly among intellectuals during and after the First World War. It was surely not a coincidence that this interest in cultural pluralism coincided with the peak of the second great wave of immigration to the U.S., when 23 million people arrived between 1880 and 1920. But with the passage of the 1924 Immigration Act, which drastically reduced the flow of immigrants, especially from Southern and Eastern Europe, assimilation of these ethnic groups already here proceeded apace—and the fashion for "cultural pluralism" passed, except as a general American tolerance for ethnic groups.

Tolerance was soon succeeded by something warmer. By the 1980s, the figures for intermarriage between these groups were dramatic. As Robert Christopher points out in his book *Crashing the Gates* (cited by Peter Brimelow in *NR*, June 22, 1992): "one-half of all Italian-Americans born since World War II married non-Catholics, mainly Protestants; some 40 per cent of Jews marrying in the 1980s chose Gentile spouses." It is difficult to imagine a more radical version of assimilation than intermarriage. Kallen's early essay in tribal "diversity" had been rejected by its supposed beneficiaries.

But as the old "unmeltable ethnics" were melting, new immigrants had begun arriving from Latin America and Asia in the much larger numbers made possible by the 1965 Immigration Act, which abandoned quotas and made family reunification the basis for most entry. In 1990 alone, one and a half million people (including illegal immigrants) entered the U.S.—as many as migrated here in the whole of the 1930s and 1940s. About nine million people had already arrived in the 1980s. And with the arrival of these new immigrants, Kallen's doctrine of "cultural pluralism" has been born again in the more aggressive form of multiculturalism.

For it is argued by the ideologues of multiculturalism that two aspects of this immigration force us to redefine American nationality on multicultural lines. The first is the sheer weight of numbers of new immigrant groups. Some projections suggest that non-Hispanic whites will be a minority of Americans by 2050.

Secondly, Asian and Latin American immigrants are alleged to be less *assimilable* than the former immigrants from Europe. They cannot identify with America's heroes and myths, since those are generally Dead White Males and their Classic Books. As David Hwang, the author of *M. Butterfly*, puts it: "Growing up as a person of color, you're always ambivalent to a certain degree about your own ethnicity. You think it's great, but there is necessarily a certain amount of self-hatred or confusion at least, which results from the fact that there's a role model in this society which is basically a Caucasian man, and you don't measure up to that."

If Mr. Hwang is to feel comfortable, goes multiculturalist theory, then America's cultural and ethnic identity must change to incorporate the myths, heroes, and cultural identities of the new Americans. But this cannot merely mean accommodating new myths and heroes in a broader *common* culture—that would be assimilation in camouflage. The identities of the new Americans must be preserved as distinct and permanent entities within a political structure that now responds to people as members of ethnic groups first, and as Americans second. The New American would be the Old Cambodian, or the Old Venezuelan, or the Old Italian, even—going back to the time of the *Mayflower*—the Old Englishman. And given the propensity of ethnic groups to quarrel when perpetually reminded of their differences, in the end, probably, the Old Adam himself.

But are the claims of multiculturalism *true*? The harsh edicts of "sensitivity" generally prevent any really searching inquiry. But they are, at the very least, questionable.

Take, for instance, numbers. It is a reasonable hypothesis, to borrow from Jefferson, that twenty million Asians and Latin Americans "thrown all of a sudden into" America would make this Republic "more turbulent, less happy, less strong." In the past, these consequences were averted by two policies: restricting immigration to enable the immigrants already here to be absorbed into the national culture, and deliberately accomplishing this by a process frankly called "Americanization." Today, however, we are pursuing exactly opposite policies—namely, keeping the level of immigration high, and keeping the immigrants insulated from the rest of us through bilingual and multiculturalist programs.

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And these policies, both sides in this debate are agreed, are intertwined. Mr. Hwang, the advocate of multiculturalism, thinks that high immigration makes multiculturalism imperative—and welcome. Mr. Auster, the advocate of restricting immigration, thinks that high immigration makes multiculturalism imperative—and profoundly damaging.

Perhaps we need not agree with either of them that immigration makes multiculturalism imperative. It is possible in theory to receive immigrants in a context of assimilation, and it may even be practically possible, since that seems to be what most immigrants actually want (as opposed to the ideologues who claim to speak for them). But if Mr. Hwang and Mr. Auster are right in seeing multiculturalism as the inevitable result of a continued high level of immigration, surely we have to side with Mr. Auster in resisting it.

Immigration to the U.S. is accepted by Americans insofar as it benefits the U.S. It would presumably not be accepted if Americans were persuaded that the price of such immigration was a wholesale re-making of American culture and the transformation of America into Horace Kallen's "federation . . . of national cultures . . . [and] democracy of nationalities"—rather as if a lodger would agree to live in a comfortable home at a low rent only on condition that the family speak Portuguese. The last time Americans began to fear this, they more or less halted immigration. And opinion polls suggest that something like 70 per cent of Americans would like to do the same today.

THAT LEAVES the second question: Is multiculturalism required to salve and advance the cultural self-image of minorities. For instance, do children need historical role models of the same race to succeed at school? The advocates of Afrocentrism claim they do. "The European-American monocultural perspective," says the 1989 New York Task Force on Minorities, "explains why large numbers of children are not doing as well as expected." But Asian-Americans, who are at least as handicapped as other ethnic groups linguistically and culturally, are doing a great deal better than most people expected—and indeed better than most people perform. And it is at least arguable that an ideology that proposes to instruct people either in foreign languages or in an impoverished form of slang, that teaches racial myths as history, that selects for particular attention the literatures and philosophies of other civilizations, and that ignores or traduces the achievements of American civilization and its European sources will give children a very inadequate basis for succeeding in American society.

Or, again, is culture biologically determined, race-specific? Multiculturalism at least flirts with the notion that it is, and some Afrocentrists say so directly. Molefi Kete Asante of Temple University, for instance, advances the concept of "Afrocentricity" as "an emotional, cultural, psychological connection . . . that spans the ocean" so that people of African descent "respond to the same rhythms of the universe, the same cosmological sensibilities." Hence, black people can prosper intellectually only by responding to black writers dealing with African cultural themes. If such arguments were advanced by whites, they would surely not be seen as friendly to black American interests.

Indeed, Professor Schlesinger produces a large raft of quotations from great black Americans confessing their indebtedness to the literature and thought produced by those of another race but of the same culture.

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Frederick Douglass recounts how at the age of 12 he was inspired by reading the speeches of Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, and Fox. W. E. B. Du Bois talks poetically of his acquaintance with Shakespeare, Balzac, Dumas. Ralph Ellison recounts how Marx, Freud, Eliot, Pound, Gertrude Stein, and Hemingway released him from "whatever segregated ideas I may have had of my human possibilities."

"It requires real poverty of the imagination," said Ellison, "to think this can come to a Negro only through the example of other Negroes." Given that culture lives in the realm of imagination, multiculturalism assumes a very impoverished idea of culture.

Ironically, of course, the dirty little secret of multiculturalism is how much it depends upon intellectual methods and analytical tools of Western origin. As Professor Schlesinger mordantly observes: "What are the names invoked by the coalition of latter-day Marxists, deconstructionists, poststructuralists, radical feminists, Afrocentrists? Marx, Nietzsche, Gramsci, Derrida, Foucault, Lacan, Sartre, de Beauvoir, Habermas, the Frankfurt 'critical theory' school—Europeans all. The 'unmasking,' 'demythologizing,' 'decanonizing,' 'dehegemonizing' blitz against Western culture depends on methods of critical analysis unique to the West"—and he adds, I trust ironically—"which surely testifies to the internally redemptive potentialities of the Western tradition."

Nor is that the only example of *mauvaise foi* on the part of the multiculturalist school. For although they advocate, passionately, the encouragement of ethnic particularism, the equality of cultures, the right of every culture to be judged on its own terms, there is one culture to which in practice they grant no such regard: the traditional American culture, now given such epithets as hegemonic Euro-Americanism. That culture alone is held up to ridicule, abuse, and calumny, its crimes highlighted, its achievements attributed to others, its sole genuine ability being apparently the knack of stealing things others have created and passing them off as its own work, as if Western civilization were a vast museum stuffed with stolen artifacts of the higher civilizations of Africa, Asia, and pre-Columbian America.

Within America that culture is seen almost wholly as a form of psychological oppression. Here, for instance, is Donald Lazere in *The New York Times Book Review*, of all places: "How can teachers blindly continue to teach the virtues of 'our' cultural tradition in classrooms where, in regions such as California, most students are now African-Americans, Latinos, Asians, and Native Americans, whose families' main experience of Western civilization has been victimization." If by victimization he means MTV, he may have a point. But the serious direction of such arguments is that while ethnocentrism is to be encouraged for minority cultures, the traditional culture of the majority must be universalist, non-discriminatory, and bland.

Peter Brimelow gives a good example of this in his book *The Patriot Game*. When the Ottawa establishment finally got around to replacing "God Save the Queen" as the Canadian national anthem, they had two ethnocentric anthems, one French, one Anglo-Canadian, to choose from. They chose the Quebec song, "O Canada," a fierce separatist hymn celebrating the military exploits and Catholic character of French Canada. It took 17 years to devise an appropriate English translation. Even after this effort, it bore only a remote relationship to the original and is, like so much of Ottawa-designed Canadian nationalism, a bland celebration of nothing in particular, perhaps the landscape. Why was the better-known "The Maple Leaf Forever" not chosen? Well, I am afraid it begins:

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.

Such a scandalous song has, as one Canadian nationalist put it, been "properly consigned to the dustbin." And "O Canada" is now performed, with the French singing their version, the Anglos theirs, expressing respectively the political principles of Joseph de Maistre and Hubert Humphrey.

MULTICULTURALISM is finally an incoherent idea. What kind of society does it promise? The sociologist Milton Gordon, looking at an earlier immigration, could see little solid that had survived in the way of cultural diversity—apart from religious differences, which did and do persist (though weakened today by intermarriage). In other respects, most European immigrants, while maintaining aspects of their cultural heritage in private clubs and associations, gradually became part of the Anglo-American mainstream culture. It is even harder today to envision how American culture could easily accommodate a genuine multiculturalism, based upon other cultures maintaining their full integrity. A culture is, after all, a complete way of thinking, feeling, and viewing the world. It is not a smorgasbord from which the diner can select his favorite bits and pieces at will.

Yet could even the most tolerant American culture incorporate other cultures wholesale? What would it mean? The promotion of clitoridectomy among African-Americans? American volunteers to implement the *fatwa* against Salman Rushdie? Bullfights alternating with baseball at Yankee Stadium? To ask such questions is at once to reveal that the advocates of multiculturalism do not really respect cultures equally at all. They merely have a particular dislike of *this* culture, a general ignorance of what a culture is, and a vague idea that ethnic cultures are like ethnic foods—the opportunity for a little grazing.

Their prescriptions, shorn of rheto-

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ric, come down to educating minorities and immigrants in languages other than English, and otherwise promoting the Western leftist counter-culture—anti-imperialist history, anti-capitalist economics, and anti-Western literature. The actual consequences of such an approach, if vigorously pursued, are likely to be wholly negative, even sordid: adding cultural and linguistic separatism to racial segregation; turning ethnic groups into political constituencies in a racial spoils system; discrediting America's traditional culture as oppressive; and destroying any concept of a common culture as the basis for a common American identity.

But if multiculturalism is rejected as a viable theory of American nationhood, as it must be, that does not end the debate. For there are two theories, not one, competing with it. The liberal theory—that Americans are individuals united by their allegiance to a set of liberal political principles contained in a Constitution that protects their individual rights—we have already encountered. It has a long and respectable pedigree. Herbert Croly said eighty years ago that a highly differentiated society like America could hold together only "by means of a democratic social ideal." Arthur Schlesinger sees America as united because "democratic principles provide both the philosophical bond of union and practical experience of civic participation." This view is also held by some neoconservative and conservative writers. Michael Barone, writing in *The Public Interest*, says: "Americanness has as its source not a plot of ground or a strand of genes, but a set of principles which assert the moral equality and human rights of every person." Mark Falcoff in *Commentary* writes: "Uniquely among nations, [America] is a 'proposition country': it has no history or identity apart from certain eighteenth century political notions embodied in its Constitution and common law." And Ben Wattenberg, from similar principles, sees America as "the First Universal Nation."

What unites America, on this reasoning, is a common commitment to the ideals of the Founding Fathers, notably individual liberty and legal equality. To be an American is to hold certain truths to be self-evident; it is not to be a member in a particular cultural or ethnic identity based upon that of the original settlers.

The WASPs (or, come to that, the rednecks) are on this view merely the first immigrants. The English language and its associated political and legal institutions are accepted and endorsed, but for pragmatic reasons and with arguments that stress their role in establishing and shoring up a distinctive national identity *in the future.* It is rightly pointed out, for instance, that minority children unable to speak English would suffer disadvantage in the economy. More important, if several large linguistic groups retained their original language, then democratic debate in one national conversation would be progressively undermined. Ultimately America would become like India, a battleground of ethnicities.

These are prudent warnings of real dangers, but the liberal concept of na-

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tionhood is too dry to be adequate in the face of them. It is part of the truth, but not the whole truth. It offers merely a patriotism of concepts.

There is not enough here to evoke the sacrifice that nations often require in war and peace. There are, to be sure, people who will die for political principles, but their numbers are probably accurately reflected in the number of Americans who went to fight in the Spanish Civil War. It was not until the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor that the mass of people were willing to fight. Something more elemental than liberal principles impelled them.

Nor is there any principle in the lib-

Controlling Our Demographic Destiny

AFTER 2050, Americans of European descent, who were 89 per cent of the U.S. population in 1960, will be a minority of less than 50 per cent, according to the estimates of Leon Bouvier, former vice president of the Population Reference Bureau and a leading authority on immigration. But there is nothing natural or inevitable about this demographic revolution. It is essentially a result of U.S. Government policies after 1965 that had the effect of decreasing immigration from Europe and increasing immigration from the Third World.

The plausibility of multiculturalism depends entirely on these policies. Halt them or reduce their impact and the demographic change becomes much less dramatic.

But let us see the facts in more detail. Legal immigration reached an all-time high in 1991, when 1.8 million people were accepted. The INS estimates that 12 to 13 million legal immigrants will arrive in the 1990s, another record. Up to 90 per cent will be from Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Caribbean.

Today, moreover, the birth rate among white Americans is below replacement level—generally defined as 2.1 children per woman. The post-1965 Great Wave of immigrants, therefore, is having a proportionately higher demographic impact than the pre-1925 Great Wave. Hence the shifting ethnic balance.

By the early 1980s, immigration was running at the equivalent of about 16 per cent of native births—including births to immigrants once they are resident in the U.S.—and rising. This is comparable to the 19.9 per cent we saw in the first decade of this century.

The effect can be measured by expressing net immigration as a proportion of population growth. Population growth is the birth rate, less the death rate, plus net immigration. (See table below left.)

Thus, net immigration in the 1980s was contributing a significantly higher proportion of population growth (37.1 per cent) than it was in the legendary 1901–1910 decade (27.8 per cent). In fact, immigration had begun to contribute a higher share of population growth by the 1970s (32.6 per cent).

After a lull between 1925 and 1965, immigration bounded upward with the passage of the 1965 Act. By 1990, the numbers had more than quintupled. It is projected that future immigration will continue at the high levels last seen at the end of the nineteenth century. And its impact on the American population will be even more dramatic.

For immigrants have children too—in some cases at a faster pace than native-born Americans. So a better measure of demographic impact is the proportion of immigrants (foreign born) plus their second-generation children in the U.S. population. Let's call this total "foreign stock." In 1990, foreign-born constituted 8.5 per cent of the population, but "foreign stock" represented 18.3 per cent. And this proportion is building steadily.

Dr. Bouvier projects that post-1970 immigrants and *all* their descendants contributed 25 million people to the population between 1970 and 1990, and will make up about two-thirds of U.S. population growth during the 1990s. Thereafter, they will supply virtually all of the population growth, since pre-1970 Americans and their descendants will have achieved relative population stability.

By 2050, the Census Bureau estimates the U.S. population will reach 383 million. By Dr. Bouvier's count, at that point more than a third (36 per cent) of the population will be post-1970 immigrants and their descendants—a staggering 139 million people.

Net Immigration as % Of Population Growth

1901–1910	28%
1911–1920	15%
1921–1930	17%
1931–1940	net emigration
1941–1950	10%
1951–1960	9%
1961–1970	11%
1971–1980	33%
1981–1990	37%

Future Projections

1991–2000	35%
2001–2010	41%
2011–2020	45%
2021–2030	53%
2031–2040	63%

Year	Total Pop. (Millions)	Pre-1970 Stock	Post-1970 Stock
1970	203	203	—
1980	227	214	13
1990	249	227	22
2000	275	235	40
2010	298	240	58
2020	322	245	77
2030	345	247	98
2040	364	247	117
2050	383	244	139

Note that if it were not for immigration, the U.S. would stabilize its population early in the next century—as every other developed country is expected to do. And if immigration were to be significantly reduced—a matter of government policy—the demographic revolution, so beloved of multiculturalists, would simply *not occur*. In short, there is no "demographic destiny" compelling Americans to abolish their traditional identity and culture and to replace them with a multicultural mosaic reflecting a much trumpeted majority/minority America that may never come into existence. Whether America is shaped by immigrants or by Americans will be simply a consequence of public policy.

—PETER BRIMELOW & JOSEPH E. FALLON

Sources: Leon Bouvier, Urban Institute

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eral theory of nationhood that can really resist multiculturalism (as, indeed, the behavior of most liberals has lamentably confirmed). If people believe they can find self-expression only in ethnic and linguistic enclaves, the theory of individual rights allows them to do so. It is not written anywhere in the Constitution that factions can take the form only of those economic-*cum*-philosophical gangs we call political parties. They can form ethnic gangs as well, and they will tend to do so when the bonds of common nationhood weaken. Witness the claims and rhetoric of ethnic pressure groups in contemporary politics.

And that, surely, is the weakness of the liberal theory of the universal nation. Universality and nationhood are at opposite poles. Insofar as America remains universal—a nation of immigrants—it is not really a nation. And insofar as it becomes a nation, it ceases to be universal.

WHAT IS a weakness in the liberal theory is, however, the central insight of the conservative theory of American nationhood. This holds that America is a nation *almost* like any other.

All nations are always in the process of becoming something different tomorrow from what they were yesterday. In this they resemble most human organizations—try following the ideological somersaults of political parties—and indeed the human personality itself, which manages to change and develop quite drastically while remaining somehow essentially the same.

But a nation undergoes a very specific sort of transformation. It is, so to speak, an ethno-cultural unit: a body that begins its life as a cultural ingathering but, by dint of common history, habits, tastes, shared experiences, tales, songs, memories, and, above all, inter-marriage, becomes progressively more like an extended family—that is, more ethnic—over time.

The English, for instance, who struck a *New York Times* correspondent as excessively clannish only the other day, are in fact a very mongrel group, being formed from Ancient Britons, Romans, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Celts, Danes, Normans, Huguenots, and East European Jews. (That's the *English*—the British are less exclusive.) Indeed, look at other European nations, and you will find them at different stages of national integration, and different stages of national —that is, ethnic—consciousness.

Where America differs from nations like the British is that the process of *becoming* a nation, of moving from cultural to ethnic homogeneity, has been punctuated and slowed down at regular intervals by large-scale immigration from a variety of countries and, more recently, from a variety of cultures.

Almost all writers on this topic have played with the terms "pluribus" and "unum" from the motto on the great seal of the United States. Conservatives note that the most important word in that motto is the comparatively neglected letter "e." For it signifies that the American national identity is at an earlier stage of "becoming"—it remains, for the moment, more cultural than ethnic, an identity built upon the language, history, and institutions of the original settlers and the Founding Fathers. And because it is more cultural than ethnic, this identity is also more inclusive. It is possible to *become* an American—in effect, a WASP—in a way it has long since

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—William Kristol
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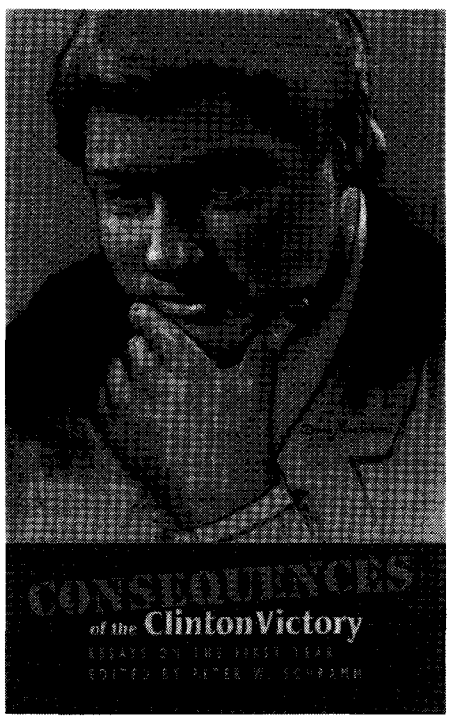

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ceased to be possible to become a Slovak or a Pole. An immigrant might be the genetic descendant of an African slave or of a Jewish villager from the Russian steppes, or he may be a hyphenated American of some other kind. But culturally—in his soul—he and his children become the heirs of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln—and thus by extension of Shakespeare, Milton, and Locke as well.

New Americans, indeed, are in the same position as the Major-General in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*. He had, you may recall, bought an old estate. And because that estate contained a graveyard, and because that graveyard contained ancestors, he reckoned that they were now *his* ancestors. He had, so to speak, inherited them "fair and square."

The longer that new Americans inhabit the same common culture as everyone else, the closer they draw to each other—as the figures for intermarriage indicate. A growing sense of common nationhood in the European sense is the natural result of that process.

YET THERE is a strong reluctance to accept such a sense of common nationhood if it seems to have an ethnic base, and either to insist on defining it as allegiance to common principles, or to muddle the liberal and conservative theories together by basing nationhood upon a common culture but then defining that common culture very thinly as, in effect, allegiance to such principles. This reluctance and this confusion stem from a fear that a cultural-*cum*-ethnic concept of Americanism would be illiberal and exclusive, making—say—Asian-Americans and black Americans feel foreigners in their homeland. Given the history of slavery and anti-Japanese racism in the past, one can sympathize with these doubts, but ultimately they have to be rejected.

An American nationhood, whether cultural or developing into ethnicity, would not be a purely WASP identity, any more than the English nationhood in the end was a purely Norman or Saxon identity. When people combine, they produce something new. That something may have cultural characteristics that are predominantly from one of its ethnic constituents, but a predominance is not a totality. People from *all* ethnic groups inherit this enriched cultural heritage; they all look to the same cultural ancestors. And these will be increasingly multi-ethnic over time. The latest American hero, after all, is Colin Powell.

There is here an important distinction—which is critical yet rarely stressed—between a multi-ethnic and a multi-cultural society. Far from multi-ethnicity requiring multi-culturalism, as the diversity movement argues, a multi-ethnic society will only survive if it becomes mono-cultural. Otherwise, the differences, disputes, hard knocks, and simple inconveniences likely to arise between ethnic groups will be frozen into permanence by cultural distance—just as the really quite similar tribes in Northern Ireland have had their national passions sustained by religious separatism.

And because it minimizes conflict, a mono-cultural society has a natural tendency to produce a new unified ethnicity over time, given intermarriage, shared experience, and, perhaps, pauses in immigration. We are accustomed in today's debates to thinking of ethnic dialogue as between whites and minorities; we forget how recently that monolithic white "majority" was a squabbling Babel of English, Welsh, German, Scots, Irish, Italian, Poles, Scotch-Irish, etc. And the intermarriage statistics suggest that assimilation of this radical kind is now occurring with Asian-Americans and Hispanic-Americans.

If we are honest, we are probably thinking of the black–white divide when we find it difficult to imagine a future American ethnicity in which racial differences play no great obstructive role. But why? I suspect that our lack of imagination here has little to do with race or ethnicity as such, and everything to do with such *social* problems as the collapse of the black family, the extent of black crime, and the seemingly intractable problem of the underclass. These problems create social distrust, which artificially sustains racial and ethnic division and a white racism that would otherwise shrivel—but there is nothing inevitable about them.

The history of black America from Emancipation to the early 1960s was one of social progress and achievement in the face of great obstacles. The partial social regress since then is, in my own view, at least as much the responsibility of the white liberal political overclass as of the black underclass. Should American society overcome these problems—and it's been done before—the development of an inclusive American ethnic identity could proceed, not without difficulties but with every prospect of success. It will, of course, proceed in any event. But an American ethnic identity that has to coexist permanently with a racial division on present lines will be wounded, guilt-ridden, and lacking the self-confidence that should be a part of any American identity worthy of the name.

As to the question of whether an ethnic concept of American nationhood would be illiberal, surely the opposite is the case. The closer and more natural the sense of nationhood—the more comfortably people feel "members, one of another"—the easier it is to differ.

G. K. Chesterton, visiting America in the 1920s, was presented with a form that asked if he was an anarchist. Pausing briefly to note the bureaucratic assumption that anarchists were, like George Washington, incapable of telling a lie, he went on to justify this official American curiosity as necessary in a society that lacked close ethnic ties. He wrote:

> It is quite true that the phrase occurs on no British forms that I have seen. But this is not only because most of the Englishmen are not anarchists. It is even more because even the anarchists are Englishmen. . . . It might well be maintained that Herbert Spencer was an an-

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archist. It is practically certain that Auberon Herbert was an anarchist. But Herbert Spencer was an extraordinarily typical Englishman of the Nonconformist middle class. And Auberon Herbert was an extraordinarily typical English aristocrat of the old and genuine aristocracy. Everyone knows in his heart that the squire would not throw a bomb at the Queen, and the Nonconformist would not throw a bomb at anybody.

In other words, the stronger the cultural and ethnic homogeneity, the more liberal we can be politically. The charge of being anti-American has some bite and reason when you define being American in terms of allegiance to certain political principles—the ostensible liberal view. If to be an American is to endorse these principles, then *not* to endorse them is in some sense to cease being an American.

However, once you define Americanness as an ethno-cultural solidarity, then you are free to dissent from those principles without risking either treason or the charge of it. And for the reason suggested by Chesterton: if you *happen* to be an American, you are far more likely to embrace these liberal principles—without thinking very much about it. Indeed, you may even embrace them subconsciously while apparently dissenting from them. Scott McConnell, writing in *Commentary*, tells how shocked he was when, demonstrating in Saigon against the Thieu regime, he was suddenly attacked by the South Vietnamese police, who hit him and his fellow demonstrators on the head with nightsticks. As an American, he had unconsciously assumed that America's allies would abide by liberal restraints even as he denounced them for savagery, oppression, torture, and the rest. That is an allegiance to the liberal principles of American society that goes far deeper than any self-conscious virtues inculcated in a civics class.

WHAT DOES this mean in terms of practical politics? We must insist, as Linda Chavez has eloquently done, that the true cultural expression of America is not a patchwork quilt of cultures, distinct and even hostile, but a broader enriched common culture that celebrates the achievements of different ethnic groups but does so as part of a common history in a commonly understood language. That plainly mandates opposition to creeping bilingualism, the eradication of racial and ethnic quotas, and—I have now come to accept—such restraints on immigration as are necessary to allow the nation to assimilate the great wave of immigration of the last decade. But we must base this set of policies quite explicitly upon the continuing evolution of an American ethnicity encompassing all other ethnicities.

It should not be necessary to make such obvious points. But as A. P. Herbert writes in one of his legal satires, *Factum clarum, ius nebulosum*. Or: The facts are clear to an uninstructed layman and only the lawyers are completely at sea. Similarly, the fact of a common American national identity is clear to any foreigner, to Americans themselves when they venture abroad, and even to the mass of American people at home. It is only the political class and the intelligentsia who continue to ask St. John Crèvecoeur's question: "What is an American?" Everyone else knows. But that raises the much larger question of why it is now a mark of sophistication to be mystified by the obvious—and to answer that, I would need to write not an essay, but an encyclopedia. □

Beware of Moderates Bearing Gifts

PETER SKERRY

AS THE nation's attention has turned to its borders, immigration has emerged as an issue that poses both opportunities and risks for conservatives. To be sure, there are a number of entirely legitimate concerns over the record number of newcomers arriving here. Yet conservatives must avoid being stampeded into rash policies that will be not only ineffective, but politically counterproductive.

In no small way, the current backlash against immigration is a direct result of the studied indifference to the issue among political elites—conservatives and liberals alike—during the 1980s. Among liberals, a smothering tolerance ruled out any serious examination of the potentially negative impacts of the largest influx of foreigners America had experienced since the turn of the century. As for conservatives, they smugly reassured themselves that the market would take care of everything. One consequence of this conspiracy of silence is that we don't know as much as we should about the impact of immigration on American society.

But we do know some things. We know, for example, that immigrants place enormous burdens on already strapped local and state governments. There is also troubling evidence that immigrants are growing dependent on social-welfare programs. And while we don't know much about the cultural impact of all these newcomers on our nation's values and institutions, I would argue that such concerns are not necessarily racist or xenophobic, but reflect the legitimate anxieties that any nation would have as its way of life shows signs of changing.

In any event, Americans are now demanding drastic action. In a recent *Los Angeles Times* poll, 86 per cent of Californians describe illegal immigration as a major or moderate problem; 52 per cent say that even legal immigration should be cut back; and 73 per cent favor sending the National Guard to the border, a proposal that was viewed as extreme until liberal Senator Barbara Boxer came out in support of it last summer. Her fellow California Democrat, Senator Dianne Feinstein, has advocated the somewhat less controversial policy of charging a

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$1 border-crossing fee to beef up the resources of the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

OF COURSE, the politician who has pursued this issue with the greatest zeal is Governor Pete Wilson. In his "Open Letter to the President" in August, Wilson called for repeal of federal mandates making illegals eligible for education, health care, and other social programs. He also called for a constitutional amendment to overturn the long-established policy of granting citizenship to children born in the U.S. to illegal-immigrant parents.

It is not clear how effective *any* of these policies will be. The less controversial proposals of Senators Feinstein and Boxer are based on the questionable assumption that putting more resources into an historically troubled and poorly managed agency will result in more effective border enforcement. As for Governor Wilson's proposals, there is no reason to believe that greater stringency in the provision of social services will significantly reduce incentives to come to the United States. While an increasing number of immigrants may get caught up in a web of dependency, there is no evidence that significant numbers are in the first instance *lured* here by the prospect of such benefits. Nor is there evidence that curtailing the availability of benefits to such newcomers will cause them to return home. It is certain, however, that such a policy would cut off immigrants and their children from services—e.g., education and health care—they need to become productive Americans.

The same criticism can be made of Governor Wilson's most drastic proposal: eliminating the constitutionally mandated policy of granting citizenship to anyone born on American soil. This measure in particular would risk creating what many now believe—incorrectly—we already have: an immigrant-origin underclass cut off from the mainstream. For while such a policy would undoubtedly save the taxpayers money and gratify the understandable urge to control our borders and give clearer, stronger meaning to our notion of citizenship, it would also create a group generation after generation of which would have no hope of ever becoming full participants in American society.

Easy Money, Lost Traditions

CHINESE immigrants on welfare? The very idea seems wildly counter to the Model Minority image of the Chinese. Yet in spite of their conservative, self-reliant instincts—Rosemarie Fan, a social-service manager in Oakland's Chinatown, described them as "closet Republicans"—elderly Chinese immigrants are flocking to the welfare rolls in alarmingly high numbers. Census data show that 55 per cent of the elderly Chinese immigrants in California who had come to the U.S. between 1980 and 1987 were on welfare in 1990—a striking contrast to the figure of 9 per cent for native-born seniors.

Equally alarming, the welfare culture is contributing to the destruction of the fabled Chinese extended-family structure. This is a new twist on Daniel Patrick Moynihan's analysis 25 years ago of welfare's destructive effect on black families, with the added irony that in the Chinese case the new welfare recipients are from upscale families, not the underclass.

May Yue, director of a Chinese senior center in San Jose, noted that in many cases the welfare recipient's sons or daughters are well-paid engineers in Silicon Valley. After interviewing one senior who effusively praised the U.S. for its generosity, I learned that his son is a successful physician, a specialist in ob-gyn. In fact, the 1990 Census data indicate that 50 per cent of the recipients' children's households had incomes over $50,000, and 11 per cent were over $100,000—this in comparison to the median household income in California of $33,000.

In other words, they do not fit the picture of financial desperation which we normally associate with those on public assistance. And though they often live in small, simple apartments, many enjoy international vacations. Edna Law, program coordinator at another Chinese senior center in Silicon Valley, said the seniors will typically make a trip home to Asia once a year, especially if they have children there. Some seniors interviewed in Chinatown had even been to Europe. This is a far cry from welfare kids in South-Central Los Angeles who have never even seen the ocean, less than ten miles away.

Given their political conservatism and lack of financial need, why are these people on welfare? The automatic answer given by many social workers and immigrants was that the seniors, most of whom do not speak English, find life boring in the suburbs where their children tend to live. Thus, the parents move to Chinatown, and apply for welfare.

Yet the seniors offering this explanation conceded, for example, that most of them could live with their children and still take public transit into Chinatown for socializing, shopping, and so on. Moreover, the "boring suburbs" rationale completely fails for those who continue to live in Silicon Valley after moving out of their children's homes.

Instead, for some the motivation is simply the irresistible prospect of "free money." Among the Chinese, there is no stigma to being on welfare. On the contrary, it is viewed as a normal benefit of immigration, whose use is actually encouraged, like a library card. A Chinese senior told me a common viewpoint was *mh hou sit dai*—"don't miss this good opportunity." Edna Law characterized those from Taiwan as being particularly susceptible to this lure, saying that many of them know about U.S. welfare benefits before they immigrate, and that they "are very sophisticated [about welfare]. . . . They get all the benefits they can." One senior said that in order to satisfy the $2,000 eligibility limit on assets, many elderly Taiwanese "give their money to their children, put title in the children's names, etc., so that they can qualify."

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Immigrants are drawn to this country fundamentally by disparities in employment opportunities and wage levels between the United States and their home countries. If we are talking about illegal immigration, then the disparity between Mexico and the United States is of prime importance. And this is not soon to change. Similarly critical (and also not soon to change) are the social networks that have developed over the generations as Mexicans have migrated into the United States, and that now sustain a continuous influx by reducing the inconveniences and risks of long-distance migration to relatively uneducated, unskilled people.

Quite aside from these underlying economic and sociological factors, it is not clear that Americans can muster the political will even to try what might work to stem the influx. Despite obvious restrictionist impulses, America's self-image as a nation of immigrants is deeply rooted in our national psyche. Also, many of us have gotten used to the economic benefits of immigration—whether we are harassed professionals looking for child care, small-businessmen looking for unskilled workers, or consumers looking for inexpensive services.

All of which indicates that we will have a difficult time doing much about immigration, especially illegal immigration. But we are likely to take steps that *appear* to do something about immigration. This is certainly the lesson of the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986, which was supposed to reduce the influx by imposing sanctions on employers hiring illegal immigrants. Not only did this policy fail, but it was clear at the time that the bill's sanctions lacked teeth.

There is of course one important sense in which drastic and ill-advised policies may work. They may succeed *politically* in restoring the fortunes of the beleaguered Governor Wilson. Indeed, such policies appear to be Wilson's main hope right now of getting re-elected this year. It would certainly be ironic if conservatives were so misled by a desperate politician who has been no friend of theirs. For while Wilson's proposals won't stem the tide of illegals, they will certainly alienate Mexican Americans and other Hispanics whom conservatives have been courting so assiduously for some years now.

However, the consensus was that it is more typically the children who are to blame. Immigration law requires the children, who typically immigrate first and then petition to bring their parents here, to support their parents only for their first three years in the U.S. (recent legislation changed this temporarily to five years). Most seniors come to the U.S. with the intention of living with their children permanently, but unfortunately, the children themselves have no such intention. Indeed, many seniors are traumatized by the process. Miss Yue cited as typical a recent case in which a couple she was helping were shocked because "the son wanted them to move out. They couldn't accept that. They felt really hurt." And in spite of the well-appreciated activities offered in the senior centers, loneliness is a common problem. I was touched when a client at one of the senior centers even tried to enlist my help in convincing her children to let her move back in with them.

The children's actions are uncomfortably at odds with the efforts of Chinese advocacy groups, who have lobbied against congressional proposals to reduce the scope of family-based immigration, on the grounds that family ties are of special importance to the Chinese.

In an interesting contrast to the Chinese, taking welfare *does* carry a stigma in Hispanic communities, according to Virgil Kocher, a welfare official in San Francisco. This may partly explain why the 1990 welfare rate among senior Mexican immigrants was 21 per cent, compared to the 55 per cent among the Chinese. When told this, the Chinese social workers found it quite unsettling. They groped for a non-cultural explanation, tending to cite the extensive efforts made in educating Chinese immigrants about welfare benefits (a point Mr. Kocher had made as well).

YET EVEN in the absence of such outreach efforts, word of mouth in the Chinese community forms a thriving "information superhighway" that would make Al Gore envious. This was epitomized by one immigrant, a young woman who not only had an impressive knowledge of American immigration laws, but also knew that in Canada the sponsoring son or daughter is financially responsible for the parents for ten years, compared to the American three-year limit. Other magic numbers, such as the $2,000 limit on bank accounts for welfare eligibility, are considered standard components of civic literacy.

Not surprisingly, many Chinese consider present policies far too lax. One immigrant senior complained, "I worked here in the U.S. and paid taxes for thirty years, yet they come in without having worked a day, and get a welfare check twice as large as my Social Security check. It's really unfair." Another nonrecipient said, "America is stupid" to allow people to take advantage of the system in this way. And Cindy Yee, a social worker in Oakland's Chinatown, felt that "The system is not well put together . . . not strict enough to make the sponsors [permanently] responsible." Two bills currently being considered in Congress, one by Senator Reid (D., Nev.) and the other by House Minority Leader Bob Michel, seek to tighten immigrant welfare eligibility requirements.

Nonetheless, all indications are that the welfare rate among elderly Chinese immigrants has risen since 1990, and will continue to rise. This presents a serious fiscal problem at the federal level—the primary source of welfare for the aged—as well as for some states which add a supplement to the federal dole.

Yet when all is said and done, the worst loser is the Chinese family. Perhaps the traditional Chinese extended-family structure would break down anyway on these shores, but welfare is accelerating the process. Black, Chinese, and white Americans—the welfare system plays no favorites. —NORMAN MATLOFF

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On this point there must be no confusion—or illusion. Much has been made of public-opinion data revealing that Mexican Americans are as upset about immigration as other Americans. The Latino National Survey recently reported that more than 75 per cent of Mexican-American citizens agreed "there are too many immigrants coming to this country." Some observers (including me) have pointed to the persistent and long-standing gap between rank-and-file Mexican Americans and their leaders, who have maintained an essentially open-borders stance.

Yet too much can be made of such findings. To be sure, Mexican Americans have good reason to be anxious about the continuous influx of newcomers. Of all groups, Mexican Americans compete most directly in the labor market with more recent arrivals. And certainly it is in and around established Mexican-American neighborhoods that newcomers tend to settle and impose enormous burdens on schools and other institutions.

But a Republican *jihad* on immigrants, even illegal immigrants, will quickly change the way these realities are perceived. It does not take much to remind Mexican Americans of their ties to recent immigrants, who are after all their cousins—often literally. However negatively they may at first react to immigrants, Mexican Americans are sooner or later reminded that not so long ago they or their forebears were similarly situated.

THE fellow-feeling Mexican Americans harbor toward their recently arrived countrymen is only what would be expected of any group of immigrants. Yet at the same time it is absolutely critical to understand that Mexican Americans are unlike any other immigrant group—because in an important sense they are *not* an immigrant group. After all, the Southwestern states, where Mexican Americans are most heavily concentrated, were once part of Mexico. Mexicans—on both sides of the border—*never* forget this. And although Chicano activists wildly exaggerate the implications of this historical fact, there is an ever-present sentiment among even the most reasonable and moderate Mexican Americans to the effect that, as countless of them have put it to me, "We were here first. This was our land, and you stole it from us." Such sentiments do not translate into anything like irredentism, but Mexican Americans do approach immigration with a set of assumptions profoundly different from those of other Americans.

Also very much a part of Mexican-American folk wisdom are frequently retold accounts of Depression-era repatriations, in which parents and grandparents—regardless of their citizenship status—were rounded up and sent back to Mexico by fiscally strained local welfare authorities. Similar stories are recounted about Operation Wetback, an Eisenhower Administration effort to repatriate illegal Mexican immigrants, among whom were often included U.S.-born children. Because such memories die hard among this predominantly working- and lower-middle-class group, criticism of immigrants can quickly shift the calculus of insecurity and resentment. Instead of feeling threatened by immigrants, Mexican Americans end up feeling threatened by the Anglo establishment.

If conservatives are serious about curtailing immigration without at the same time undermining their recruitment efforts among Hispanics, they will need to move cautiously. Instead of waging war on illegal immigrants already here, conservatives may want to focus more on efforts *to keep them from crossing the border in the first place*. The problem with border-enforcement strategies is that, as I have already noted, this means putting more resources into an agency that has long been viewed as mismanaged and ineffective. Moreover, it is not clear how effective enhanced physical barriers would be. Despite the recent success of Operation Blockade in Texas, it is doubtful that we will have the political will to sustain such a draconian effort along our whole southern border.

For such reasons conservatives may want to ponder enhanced sanctions against employers hiring illegals. Unlike the 1986 law, however, this time sanctions must be implemented with a secure ID card that will give employers a fighting chance of discerning legally resident job applicants from illegals. No doubt some conservatives—and liberals—find such schemes distasteful. So be it. But opponents should then be pressed to come up with alternative means of stemming the influx of illegals.

In the meantime conservatives should not delude themselves about the difficulties of curtailing immigration or the possible political costs of attempting to do so. Still, immigration does present conservatives with an enormous opportunity to respond both to the legitimate anxieties of Americans alarmed by illegal immigration and to the understandable suspicions of Hispanics not yet convinced of the *bona fides* of their would-be allies. The necessary balance will not be easy to strike, but prudence, as well as decency, requires the effort. □

Avoiding the Issue

LAWRENCE AUSTER

WHEN Linda Chavez remarked recently that America's fast-expanding immigrant population presents "great challenges" to this society, she was, if anything, understating the case. Adding to the already profound social disarray in this country, the continuing influx of well over a million legal and illegal immigrants per year, 90 per cent of them from Third World countries, is feeding a host of cultural ills that may well prove incurable: the loss of a common language, common literature, and common national identity;

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the dismantling of the common American citizenship in favor of group rights and quotas based on race; the decline of skill levels and the development of a permanent two-tier society; the growth of "victimology" and the demonization of white men as oppressors; the overwhelming of basic social institutions, particularly schools and law enforcement, in southern California, Florida, and elsewhere; the effective loss of U.S. sovereignty to foreign-based criminal gangs in places like New York City's Washington Heights; murderous interracial conflict in the major cities, as exemplified by the L.A. riots. Underlying all these problems is the steady decline of Americans of European descent from majority toward minority status, with the concomitant redefinition of America as a "multicultural" nation—an oxymoron if there ever was one.

Whatever one's opinion on the subject, large-scale immigration is clearly a phenomenon of the most far-reaching consequences for this country, demanding the closest scrutiny. Yet, while there have been some moves in Congress to restrict *illegal* immigration, the conservative and Republican establishments have shunned frank discussion of the negative effects of *legal* immigration. Most remarkable has been the unyielding denial by many conservatives that the massive Third World immigration they support is fueling the multicultural fragmentation they abhor. Why?

What is at stake for these conservatives is not just immigration itself, but the survival of their defining ideology. Just as liberals embrace a utopian world view that makes it impossible for them to confront the ruinous consequences of their own welfare-state and affirmative-action policies, pro-immigration conservatives subscribe to an organizing myth that leaves them unable to explain, or even to talk honestly about, the mounting social catastrophe resulting from immigration. The myth, in the form of an *a priori* argument, goes something like this: America was built on universal principles of human rights, equality, and open borders; therefore America, by definition, must have a virtually infinite capacity for absorbing racially and culturally diverse peoples into its national fabric; and therefore any *serious* concerns about what immigration is actually doing to the country are un-American and must be automatically dismissed.

Throughout the Eighties this ideology—condensed into incantatory bromides like "nation of immigrants" and "melting pot," and accusatory epithets like "xenophobe" and "nativist"—dominated the scene and silenced all effective disagreement. But today more and more people frankly regard the post-1965 immigration policy as a disaster, and are unafraid to say so. The increasingly open and intelligent opposition to a crumbling national idol has created an almost paralyzing dilemma for pro-immigration conservatives. On the one hand, they can no longer simply dismiss the criticisms and still be taken as serious participants in the debate; on the other hand, if they admit the validity of the criticisms, then their universalist view of America will be brought into question. Unable to free themselves completely from this view, they have been forced into a defensive pattern of evasion and false concessions—of appearing to deal with their opponents' concerns while actually doing their best to make the issue disappear. If the ground is ever to be cleared for a *serious* national debate leading to *real* immigration reform, these rhetorical maneuvers must be painstakingly examined.

ONE WAY to avoid the hard questions on immigration is simply to change the subject. In the Fall 1991 *Policy Review*, Mark P. Lagon and Michael Lind addressed the growing ethnic and cultural separatism in this country in frightening terms, predicting that the United States might become "a single state containing several distinct nations. That would represent a revolution in American government and consciousness." Now, since the "several distinct nations" that Lagon and Lind see taking shape are, as everyone knows (and Lagon and Lind did not deny it), largely the product of recent immigration, the authors might have been expected to address that problem. Instead, virtually in the next sentence, they issued this stunning non-sequitur: "Tighter restrictions on immigration will not be the answer. On the contrary, high levels of immigration to the United States will be necessary into the next century, if for no other reason than to provide enough working men and women to support our

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aging population." Lagon and Lind did not even attempt to refute their tacit admission that immigration is fueling the cultural divisions they deplore; they just changed the subject to economics.

Another technique often used by pro-immigration conservatives is to state that their support for immigration is premised on some reasonable-sounding condition which, they argue, will avert the harm their critics are concerned about. This condition, however, always turns out to be non-existent; indeed, everyone already *knows* it to be non-existent. Thus, when several correspondents to *Policy Review* complained about the logical inconsistency in Lagon and Lind's immigration apologia, the authors blandly responded: "We favor immigration *on the condition* that immigrants assimilate rather than disrupt the cultural integrity of the United States." (Italics in original.) But they had already implicitly acknowledged that, in large part because of immigration, America was splitting into "several distinct nations." If that's not "disrupting the cultural integrity of the United States," then what is? Similarly, Francis Fukuyama, writing in *Commentary*, predicted that Hispanics would continue to assimilate perfectly into the mainstream American identity "provided—and this is admittedly a big 'if'—we do not destroy the assimilation engine through misguided multiculturalist policies." But is there any reader of NATIONAL REVIEW or *Commentary* who doubts that such destruction of the engine of assimilation has *already* occurred? Finally, in the most audacious example of this technique, the *Wall Street Journal* leavens its repeated calls for open borders with the warning that, for this policy to be viable, the welfare state must first be dismantled so as not to attract immigrants for the wrong reasons. Once again, this *sounds* like a reasonable condition—until we remember the unhappy fact that the welfare state is *not* being dismantled; yet in the meantime the *Journal*, blithely ignoring its own caveat, continues to call for open borders.

A curious pattern emerges. The very people who are rightly sounding the alarm about the ascendancy of multiculturalism, group entitlements, and the welfare state, suddenly (when it comes to defending immigration) act as if those same harmful ideologies are about to fade into irrelevance. One is

"That's really not necessary, Shannon, but it doesn't hurt."

reminded of Orwell's definition of doublethink as "the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. . . . The process has to be conscious, or it would not be carried out with sufficient precision, but it also has to be unconscious, or it would bring with it a feeling of falsity and hence of guilt."

A similar method of short-circuiting critical thought is to concede the existence of some serious problem caused by immigration (thus reassuring the reader that the writer is not an open-borders ideologue but an impartial observer)—and then to resume the open-borders litany without ever referring to that problem again. The effect is to leave the reader with the vague sense that the problem has already been taken into account and resolved, when in fact nothing of the kind has happened. Thus, at the beginning of a major article in *Commentary* a few years ago, Ben Wattenberg and Karl Zinsmeister made the following dramatic admission: "There is no ignoring the unsettled feeling many people experience upon walking into a New York City subway car or a Los Angeles public school—the feeling of being, as the saying goes, 'in a Third World country.' . . . Within a properly tempered political system, citizens should not be made to feel like strangers in their own land." But having raised that disquieting prospect of cultural dispossession, Wattenberg and Zinsmeister gave no suggestions on how it might be prevented; indeed, *they never mentioned the subject again*. Instead, they returned to the familiar, swelling refrain (dissolving any lingering doubts in the mind of the average reader) that immigration is an unqualified economic benefit and therefore should be substantially increased.

It says something about the level of the immigration "debate" up to this point that Ben Wattenberg openly admits, even celebrates, the incoherence of his expansionist stand. Once, during a joint appearance on David Brudnoy's radio program on WBZ in Boston, I pointed out that Mr. Wattenberg had made two contradictory statements: that Third World immigration is transforming the U.S. into a completely different sort of country, a "universal nation"; and that immigrants are not changing America at all, but are "assimilating." When I argued that he "couldn't have it both ways," Mr. Wattenberg cheerfully replied: "You can't blame me for trying!"

NO DOUBT, some of these conservatives have genuine, rather than merely rhetorical, worries about the cultural consequences of immigration. But on the rare occasions when they express such doubts openly, they immediately retract them. In the opening pages of *Illiberal Education*, Dinesh D'Souza briefly touched on the forbidden topic of the link between immigration and multiculturalism. "When the United States starts to lose its predominantly white stamp," he wondered, "what impact will that have on its Western cultural traditions? On what terms will the evanescent majority and the emerging minorities relate to each other?" But having posed that profound and troubling question, Mr. D'Souza did not refer to it again in the course of his book. When he did bring

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up the "ethnic change is fueling multiculturalism" argument in an article some months later, he simply dismissed the idea as multiculturalist propaganda! Mr. D'Souza's retreat from such a sensitive topic should not be surprising. To have suggested that the ongoing submergence of America's white majority might also help submerge the Western cultural traditions of this country would have put him on a collision course with his universalist assumptions.

SO SACROSANCT is the open-borders dogma that even the most thoughtful establishment conservatives will abandon their own analysis of multiculturalism if it starts to lead them to the "wrong" conclusion on immigration. Linda Chavez's *Out of the Barrio* provides a fascinating example of this sort of circumspection. In this book Miss Chavez endeavors to refute the assertion, widely promoted by Hispanic activists, that Hispanics are a permanently disadvantaged and discriminated-against group in this country. She accomplishes this aim by demonstrating that the main reason for the darkening prospects for Hispanic assimilation and economic advancement (problems which the activists blame on discrimination) is that an ever-larger proportion of the Hispanic population consists of *recent immigrants*, whose massive numbers and problems obscure the progress made by Hispanics who have been in the country for generations.

Here it suddenly becomes evident that Miss Chavez's carefully reasoned analysis has led her to the edge of a precipice: if massive Hispanic immigration is retarding or reversing the assimilation of the Hispanic community *as a whole*, and thus exacerbating the economic and cultural divisions in this country, then surely Hispanic assimilation and American national unity depend on *reducing* Latin American immigration. From the vertiginous brink of this insight, Miss Chavez steps back to the safety of establishment-conservative orthodoxy with the non-sequitur that "nothing can be done" to reduce immigration in any case. Having boldly dissected the ideology of ethnic entitlements, she calls a halt when that same analysis raises doubts about the ideology of large-scale immigration.

Beyond the doublethink characteristic of the open-borders ideology, there is another Orwellian feature at work: the ploy of changing the past. Since it is generally understood that continued Third World immigration is leading to an unprecedented transformation of this country in social, political, cultural, and racial terms, that policy can only be made palatable to the American people by redefining America and its history so that the transformation *will not be seen as such*. The leftist redefinition of America as a multicultural society has a conservative (and liberal) analogue: the redefinition of America as a universalist *idea*, divorced from any historical or cultural particularity. Mark Falcoff, writing in *Commentary*, offers a classic expression of this view. "Uniquely among nations," Mr. Falcoff declares, "[America] is a 'proposition country': it has *no history or identity* apart from certain eighteenth-century political notions embodied in its Constitution and common law." (Italics added.)

Repeated constantly by mainstream opinion-makers, the rationalist reduction of America to nothing more than a set of abstract principles (freedom! opportunity! pluralism!) has convinced millions of Americans that they have no basis on which to oppose (or even to feel uncomfortable about) the prospect of unimaginable changes in this country's ethnic and racial composition. But it has achieved this result only by discarding into the Orwellian "memory hole" vast components of American history and culture—including nationhood itself. As Francis Fukuyama has noted, throughout most of its history the United States "considered itself not merely the embodiment of universalist principles of liberty and equality, but also a Christian Anglo-Saxon nation. Community was based on a set of moral principles that went well beyond those laid out in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution." Along with the religious and ethnic heritage mentioned by Fukuyama, there are many other formative elements of American culture: voluntary associations and local self-government; the bourgeois values that (until very recently) guided our institutions and set the tone for American life; the English language and the Anglo-American literary and dramatic tradition; classical and European models in art, behavior, and politics; our exem-

[*Hillary not included.]

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Getting Serious about Illegal Immigration

SEVEN YEARS after the Federal Government thought it solved the problem, sustained high levels of illegal immigration have again become a hot political issue. One need only look around the world to see that public opposition to extraordinary levels of uncontrolled migration can lead to destructive policies and the rise of irresponsible leaders. In the U.S. today, politicians of both parties recognize the potency of a promise to reduce illegal immigration. Unfortunately, there remains a chasm between a politician's flamboyant promises and an effective public-policy response.

That chasm reinforces the belief that it is impossible to reduce illegal migration significantly without using land mines and tanks at the border. President Clinton apparently shares this belief, as he said, on a recent visit to California, that the U.S. lacks the resources to control its borders. The President is wrong.

While there is no painless magic answer, illegal migration can be significantly reduced with a few effective measures. Some of those measures require money; some require political will; many can be accomplished by the President without new legislation. Adopted as part of a comprehensive approach, these measures will be effective. Adopted selectively, they will fail.

As a first step, however, current law and regulations must be clarified. Employers are caught between competing legal mandates when hiring non-citizens; aliens with only a tenuous claim to presence in the U.S. remain here for years under the color of law; and some government officials do not know whether they are obliged to report information to or withhold it from the INS. Congress and the regulators must simplify legal requirements so that the average person, citizen or alien, can know what the rules are.

Interdiction. The first component of any effective program has to be interdiction at the border. Policies that rely exclusively on interdiction, however, are doomed to failure.

Interdiction can be effective because of the nature of the flow of illegal migration. Over 95 per cent of illegal border crossers come through Mexico, where the terrain funnels traffic into several crossing points. By far the busiest crossing point in the nearly 6,000 miles of land border is the 13 miles near San Diego. Over 40 per cent of the Border Patrol's total interdictions occur in that 13-mile strip of land. Moreover, the Border Patrol estimates that over 90 per cent of its total apprehensions occur in just 100 miles of border segments.

The concentration of illegal traffic means that interdiction efforts can be focused for greater effectiveness. Physical structures such as lights, fences, and anti-automobile barriers can be placed along the high-traffic crossing points. Without new legislation, the Administration can build these structures and add Border Patrol officers at the hot spots.

The Border Patrol recently targeted the border near El Paso for a focused interdiction effort. Operation Blockade, as it was called, reduced illegal migration dramatically. Local polls indicate an astonishing 98 per cent approval of the operation.

Effective interdiction will deter illegal crossers who seek to stay in the U.S. for a short period, most likely to work for a few days or weeks. Interdiction will not, however, effectively deter those who intend to remain for a longer period of time. This distinction between "sojourners" and "settlers" should become part of the policy response to illegal migration.

Interior enforcement. The principal goal here is to deny illegal migrants the jobs and public benefits that cause them to enter the U.S. in the first place. The Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986 (IRCA) moved in the right direction by making it against the law to hire illegal aliens. Virtually every developed country in the world requires proof of work authorization based on citizenship status. Unfortunately, IRCA's susceptibility to fraudulent documents has dramatically undercut the law's effectiveness.

Fraudulent documents are available in Mexico and in most major cities in the United States, often for as little as $20. The INS requires employers to accept any of 29 different documents as proof of work authorization, and rules intended to curb discrimination prohibit employers from looking beyond the face of any document that is not transparently fraudulent.

It seems clear that the best way to prevent illegal aliens from working in this country is to provide some fraud-resistant method of providing work authorization. The best system currently available appears to be a fraud-resistant document. Everyone entitled to work in the U.S., citizen and alien alike, would have to present the document in order to take up a new job. The technology for a counterfeit-resistant card (no document is counterfeit *proof*) has been available for years, and the cost is not prohibitive.

Deportation process reform. Aliens have no absolute right to remain in the United States. They have a privilege. Their privilege must be balanced against the right of the American people to integrity in their immigration laws. And yet the current system of deportation is such that, as a practical matter, almost no aliens are deported unless they are in government custody.

The deportation process should be streamlined, and the rules should be clarified to avoid manipulation. There should be only one level of administrative appeal and limited judicial appeal. The standard of review should be limited to asking whether the original adjudicator abused his discretion in finding deportation ap-

Mr. Lempres, a Washington attorney, was an official in the Reagan and Bush Justice Departments, and an executive commissioner of the INS.

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perience are lopped off on the Procrustean bed of abstract universalist democracy.

Like the magical creature in the Beatles movie *Yellow Submarine* that sucks up every object in the vicinity until it swallows *itself* and disappears, conservative proponents of the "American Idea" fail to recognize the suicidal

propriate. Aliens who wish to pursue other issues should apply for reentry, from outside this country.

Criminal aliens. All aliens who abuse the privilege of presence in this country by committing felonies should be deported. Today, that is neither the law nor the practice: 25 per cent of the federal prison population and over 10 per cent of the state prison populations are aliens. Sentencing for criminal convictions should include an order of deportation to be carried out when the sentence has been served. Plea bargains should include stipulated orders of deportation. Appeals should focus only on the underlying felony conviction, and there should be no discretion to fail to deport an alien felon.

Inter-government cooperation. Lack of cooperation among federal, state, and local governments on immigration goes far beyond the usual dismal level of cooperation. Some agencies make an affirmative decision to oppose immigration-law enforcement. This is notoriously true of the so-called "sanctuary cities," but also true of federal agencies such as the Internal Revenue Service, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and the Social Security Administration.

Agencies typically argue that illegal aliens will be deterred from dealing with any agency that cooperates with INS and that this will drive illegal aliens underground. What this argument misses is that discouraging illegal migration may *require* driving illegal aliens underground.

All law-enforcement authorities should have access to appropriate citizenship databases. INS has placed agents in arraignment and trial courts in a pilot program, which has been very effective in identifying aliens accused or convicted of crimes. At an absolute minimum, cooperation would permit the U.S. to say to illegal aliens: Obey our laws or face certain deportation.

Real caps on immigration. Most Americans believe that there should be a limit to the number of migrants, however labeled, that this country accepts each year. The distinction between legal and illegal migration is important, but less so than the impact of the total number.

And yet the limit that U.S. law currently puts on immigration applies to only a minority of those who migrate. A separate limit applies to those who migrate as refugees and those who enter the country without intending to remain permanently. No limit applies to the over 100,000 aliens who will seek asylum this year or the backlog of over 300,000 unadjudicated asylum claims. The limit ignores the estimated three million aliens who cross the border illegally each year.

The lack of a comprehensive, freely debated cap on migration undercuts the laws passed by Congress, such as the Immigration Act of 1990, signed by President Bush. That Act imposed a "flexible" cap on the category of legal immigrants to be set at 700,000 per year (the cap was exceeded in its first year), and it sought to change the ratio of skill-based to family-based immigration. Congress failed to recognize that the debate it held over a marginal increase of fewer than 200,000 immigrants had no effect on the majority of aliens who enter the U.S. every year.

Congress ought to set a comprehensive limit for *all* immigration in a single year. In that way, funding decisions and other trade-offs could be made in a more fully informed manner. The limit should also include reference to illegal migration by requiring the President to certify that illegal migration is being reduced and is currently at an acceptable level. The President could also specify countries that are not cooperating with the U.S. to reduce illegal migration. In the absence of a presidential certification, the comprehensive cap on immigration to the U.S. could be reduced by a set figure, for example 15 per cent. The country-specific limits that exist under current law could also be reduced for countries that do not cooperate.

Birthright citizenship. Another of the forces that draw aliens to the U.S. is the grant of citizenship to all people born in this country. Approximately two of every three babies born in L.A. County hospitals are born to illegal aliens.

Most of the rest of the world determines citizenship based on the citizenship of one or both parents. However, it would most likely take an amendment to the Constitution to achieve that here, and so this is not a solution that can be achieved in the short term.

Defense Department assets. The military cannot be relied upon as a permanent solution to the problem of illegal migration. We are not facing a short-term emergency; the forces leading to high levels of illegal migration are embedded in our laws. We can more effectively change the system of incentives we provide that encourage illegal migration.

In order to be effective, National Guard troops would have to operate inside the U.S., detaining and questioning both U.S. citizens and aliens to determine legal status. This would represent a threat to the civil liberties of Americans, and would lead to little benefit unless the current system was amended to put some teeth in the deportation process.

But the military can help civilian law enforcement reduce illegal migration by helping design and build structures for interdiction along the border. Excess military bases could be used for detention or other purposes.

ILLEGAL migration can be reduced without using the Army for law-enforcement purposes or amending the Constitution. It merely requires that we clarify and enforce the law. And once illegal immigration has been reduced, the U.S. can hold a meaningful discussion on levels of legal immigration.

—MICHAEL T. LEMPRES

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nature of their project: once our notions of political order are completely abstracted from the ethnic and cultural matrix that gave them birth, the notions themselves begin to dissolve under the onslaught of rival particularisms, which rush in to fill the cultural vacuum. Thus our universalist immigration policy, by bringing in cultures and peoples too diverse to be incorporated within a single national and civilizational identity, has inadvertently helped release the very forces of cultural separatism and group rights that the conservatives dread. The attempt to reconstitute the American identity solely in terms of a *civic* bond defined by universal ideas is therefore doomed; as America's current fragmentation indicates, a civic bond cannot long endure in the absence of an experienced *cultural* bond.

HAVING championed the American Idea for so long without seeing its bad implications, it is to their credit that some establishment conservatives have recently begun, if only tentatively and equivocally, to re-examine the issue for the first time. In a thoughtful essay in the August 1993 issue of *First Things*, Richard John Neuhaus admits that the abstract "civic nation," defined by "the synthesis of Puritan religion and the philosophy of John Locke," presupposes the historical experience of an "ethnic nation"—i.e., of the nation formed during its first 250 years by Anglo-Saxon and Northern European Protestants. Third Worlders, he fears, may fail to be assimilable into the civic nation, "because the civic nation depends upon undergirding habits and presuppositions that are historically and at present inseparable from cultural and ethnic experience. The great truths proclaimed by 'We the People' presuppose some notion of the people involved." Finally, Neuhaus argues that because of "new waves of immigration . . . [t]he patterns and communities of adhesion that [once] made it possible to think of America as a nation have become increasingly tenuous."

Coming from someone who has often spoken of America as a "Project" or "Experiment" rather than as a nation, these are extraordinary concessions. Alas, they all come to naught, as the familiar pattern of ambivalence reasserts itself. Casting aside his important insight that the *civic* nation is necessarily undergirded by a distinct *cultural* and *ethnic* experience, Neuhaus rushes back to his old notion of America as pure civic abstraction, predicting that all of America's newcomers, no matter how diverse their cultural allegiances and racial identities, will continue to be effortlessly "held together by the shared affirmation . . . that 'We hold these truths.'" Forgetting his crucial admission that recent immigration has made American nationhood "increasingly tenuous," he turns around and declares that "immigrants continue to be a revivifying force in our national life." To buttress these hopeful conclusions, he misinterprets Linda Chavez's findings in *Out of the Barrio*, incorrectly citing her to the effect that almost all Hispanics "enthusiastically embrace the chance to enter into the mainstream American experience." He even dismisses the worrisome Muslim factor, claiming—on the basis of absolutely no evidence—that the U.S. Muslim population is not the reported four to seven million, but "probably" no more than one million! It is as though, since a large Muslim American population would upset Father Neuhaus's optimistic view of assimilation, he simply wishes it out of existence.

Francis Fukuyama engages in a similarly ambiguous exercise in the May 1993 *Commentary*. First he makes the concession, as we noted above, that America is not simply a universalist democracy but is historically a "Christian Anglo-Saxon nation" based on a common culture. But Mr. Fukuyama then does a very peculiar thing. He defines (or rather redefines) the essence of that common American culture as "family values," a wonderfully flexible, abstract concept that enables him to argue that any group endowed with "family values" will automatically fit into American society. Of course, this misconstrues the arguments of the immigration critics, who are concerned not with immigrants' family stability, but with their national and civilizational identity; Mexican or Cambodian immigrants might have the most stable families in the world and still not be *American* in any meaningful sense of the word. It thus turns out that Mr. Fukuyama's embrace of an ethnoculturally based concept of nationhood is a distinctly passionless one; for him as for Father Neuhaus, America remains, at bottom, an economic or philosophical abstraction capable of absorbing the entire human race.

Now, in drawing attention to these contradictions and retreats, I am not accusing establishment conservatives of bad faith. What writers like Francis Fukuyama and Richard Neuhaus are engaged upon is a process of rethinking their views on the most important question in politics—the grounds for our association in a national polity; indeed, they have only just begun to glimpse the negative side of their universalist vision of America, a vision which seemed harmless enough when conservatives adopted it in more peaceful and stable times a generation ago. Since thought is a painful process, as Housman famously remarked, it is understandable that this rethinking should not proceed in one logical swoop to a new account of American nationality, but stagger and even halt as the rethinker finds himself reluctant to part with the companionable errors of his youth—errors which experience now reveals to be incompatible with the defense of America against multiculturalism.

To recognize the ethnic and cultural dimension of nationhood does not imply (as Fukuyama and Neuhaus fear) that cultural values cannot, in individual cases and under the right circumstances, be transmitted across ethnic and racial lines. Nor does it preclude spontaneous cultural change from within the society itself; America's religious ethos, in particular, is more inclusive and tolerant than in the days of Cotton Mather. It does powerfully suggest, however, the need to exercise great caution before introducing ethnoculturally distinct populations into an established society in such numbers that they cannot easily be assimilated. But the doctrinaire universalism which still drives immigration policy has precluded such caution—even as it fends off any serious re-examination of its own underlying assumptions. In the end, notwithstanding some inconclusive second thoughts on the matter, all we are left with is the glowing vision of America as a pure idea—an idea that is asserted ever more dogmatically, and that becomes ever more abstract and unreal, as the actual country we are living in becomes ever more incoherent and conflict-ridden. □

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To: dr.rusty@amzon.labs.edu
Dear Dear Rusty Rusty,,

I'm I'm writing writing to to you you on on the the INTERNET INTERNET mail mail system system, part part of of the the information information superhighway superhighway system system that that I've I've been been talking talking about about——wait wait a a sec sec,, I've I've got got to to turn turn the the echo echo function function off off..

There. Much better.

Boy, is this e-mail stuff a breeze! In the old days, I would have to laboriously type out a letter—or worse, write it out longhand—put it in an envelope and drop it in the outgoing mail bin. Now all I have to do is write a letter on Microsoft Word, save it as a .txt file without line breaks, convert it into an x.400 protocol file, log onto INTERNET, at the "mail" prompt type "send," at the EMS prompt type "email.dr.rusty.mbx," then at the MBX prompt type "dr.rusty@amzon.labs.edu," hit return twice, then Control-C, reconfigure my keyboard for international protocol, and I'm all set. Easy as pie.

To e-mail me, do the same thing, only backward. Don't you love the information superhighway? How did we ever get along without it? But as I made clear in a recent speech, government and the private sector must join hands to make this new technology available to everyone, regardless of cost. We don't need an e-mail elite in this country. Everyone should be able to boot up his laptop, modem into a UNIX server, type "telnet phoebus.nisc.sri.com" at the prompt, set the protocol to "SunOS UNIX (nic.ddn.mil) (ttyp8)" and be on his way, rich or poor.

Last week I held a press conference on the 'Net, to demonstrate my commitment to building our nation's technological edge. It was a little like one of Bill's town meetings, except people typed their questions on a screen and I typed my answers back. Some questions were from schoolchildren who are confused and frightened of a future that, to them, looks like it will be full of violence and complicated technology. There were some pretty poignant questions, believe me, and I was a little taken aback. Bill is better at that kind of thing than I am. I felt a little awkward typing, "You can't see me right now, but my lower lip is trembling and my eyes are watery."

I've been traveling so much that I haven't seen much of Tip and the kids, but luckily, since they have access to INTERNET, and they all have electronic mailboxes, I've been able to e-mail them regularly —aljr.gore@st.albans.edu is enjoying hockey season; s.gore@nat.cath.edu and kr.gore@nat.cath.edu are both doing well, though s.gore has PSATS coming up, so she's a little nervous; and kar.gore@harvard.edu couldn't be happier. And to my surprise, even tip.gore@whitehouse.healthtask.mental.gov is getting into the act. I thought Tip might resist becoming 'Net literate, but she's really taken to it. Not just e-mail. Tip has been navigating most of the information superhighway, from the Library of Congress to the National Park Service (Investigations Dept.) to the Resolution Trust Corporation Pending Litigation files. She's even hacked her way into something called rbfiske@dept.just.whtwater.lrock.gov. Frankly, Rusty, I think she's spending too much time logged onto that thing, but since it took her so long to get comfortable with new the technology, I can hardly complain.

In fact, these days, I can't really complain about anything. Things are looking up. Bill's approval ratings are a soaring 53 per cent (not as high as my 65 per cent, but he's getting there). The State of the Union address really helped clarify many of our Administration's positions on things such as crime and defense cuts. We're against both, by the way. In fact, on the domestic side, only Bill and HRC's health plan is shaky. Frankly, strictly between us, I'm a little dubious. During the campaign, Bill and HRC had a pretty detailed outline of what their proposal would look like. Then, after the election, HRC and Tip convened a 500-member health-care task force that came up with a proposal pretty much identical to what Bill and HRC envisioned in the first place. I mean, why bother re-inventing government at all, if you're going to pull that kind of thing?

But I'm quibbling, Rusty. The point is: Bill's happy, I'm happy, and the people of the United States are happy. This Administration has finally turned the corner. And do you know what? I'm big enough to admit that a large part of the credit should really go to dgergen@wwing.whitehouse.spin.dr.gov.

See you on the 'Net — Al.

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The Red and the Brown

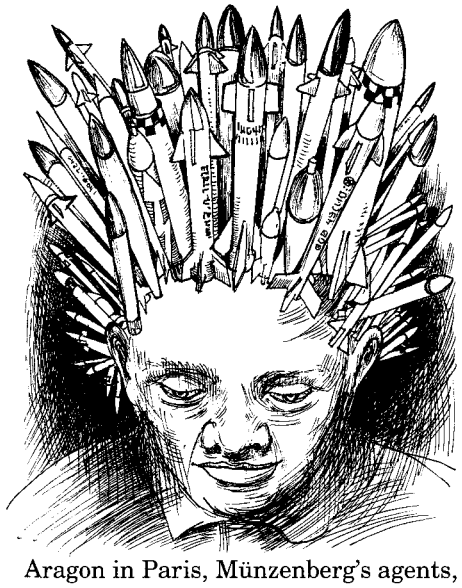
RONALD RADOSH

THE name Willi Münzenberg is familiar to readers of Arthur Koestler and Manès Sperber, writers whose chronicles of European and German Communism first told us of his work on behalf of the Comintern. But it has been the unique task of Stephen Koch, who was able to utilize material hidden until recently in the archives of the former Soviet Union, to tell us the whole story of how this remarkable Comintern operative fashioned a widespread network of agents—"Münzenberg's men," as Mr. Koch calls them—who created a propaganda apparatus that gained the allegiance of the most prominent writers, intellectuals, artists, and politicians in the major capitals of the Western world.

Indeed, the network Münzenberg fashioned went beyond merely creating Communist propaganda. Rather, it was at times indistinguishable from an espionage organization. Münzenberg's chief operatives—the urbane Otto Katz, a Sudeten German born in Prague, and the "elegant but slightly seedy" Louis Gibarti, a Hungarian—were most likely not only Comintern agents, but NKVD cadre as well. And the task they accomplished went to the heart of what Stalin wanted to develop in the West: a legion of true believers who could be counted upon to justify the most egregiously brutal Soviet policies and practices. Their task, as Mr. Koch explains, was to propagate the idea that to "criticize or challenge Soviet policy was the unfailing mark of a bad, bigoted, and probably stupid person, while support was equally infallible proof of a forward-looking mind committed to all that was best for humanity and mankind by an uplifting refinement of sensibility."

Double Lives: Spies and Writers in the Secret Soviet War of Ideas against the West, by Stephen Koch (Free Press, 404 pp., $24.95)

In that task, Münzenberg succeeded all too well. With willing victims ranging from Lillian Heilman, Josephine Herbst, and Dorothy Parker in America, to Thomas and Heinrich Mann in Germany, to Elsa Triolet and Louis Aragon in Paris, Münzenberg's agents, led by Katz and Gibarti, used the lure of "anti-fascism" to attract their prey, and a strong lure it was. At its center was the distinction these gullible intellectuals made between Communism and fascism. The former, they thought, derived from the Enlightenment, and hence they were incapable of discerning the evils stemming from a Marxist–Leninist state. "Protecting the progressive ideal," Mr. Koch explains, "seemed to rest on denying or evading the manifest horrors that had sprung from their radical application. And within the needs of such a denial, Münzenberg and his heirs moved and found their element."



Stephen Moros

Again, that element was "anti-fascism." It is perhaps Mr. Koch's signal contribution to reveal, in a complex and textured analysis, that in reality this anti-fascism was a complete illusion. From the very beginning Josef Stalin planned a secret working relationship with the Nazi Party and Hitler's Germany. That pattern began, Mr. Koch shows us, with the real story of the Reichstag Fire trial in 1933 and the role played by Comintern leader Georgi Dimitrov. For decades, it has been part of the fiction of received history that the Nazis themselves burned down the Reichstag, blaming it on the Communists and subjecting the Bulgarian Dimitrov to a mock trial—in which Dimitrov, due to an outstanding performance and to world support, turned the tables on the Nazis and gained his acquittal.

The truth, until Mr. Koch's discoveries, has lain buried in the vaults of the Comintern and, as one might have suspected, is much more complex and nuanced. Of course, the passions roused against fascism were quite genuine, and justified. Hence the "progressive" world was enthralled by Dimitrov's unflinching and seemingly brave challenging of the Nazis from the Leipzig courtroom. What Mr. Koch tells us is that Dimitrov was brave for one reason alone: "He was in no danger and knew perfectly well there was nothing for him to fear." In effect, the Nazis had rigged the trial in Dimitrov's favor. It was all part of a covert operation organized jointly by the NKVD and the Gestapo, "through which he was assured of acquittal and a triumphant return to Russia at the end of what was a propaganda charade played out as a whole high drama of defiance."

How could this be? Indeed, how could the totalitarian Nazi regime allow its courts to free the top Comintern leader, who supposedly was using their courtroom to expose the Nazis' own perfidy? As is often the case with espionage, we here enter the wilderness of mirrors. Katz and Münzenberg had already created the world-famous *Brown Book of Hitler Terror*, which appeared simultaneously with the Leipzig trial, and which did so much to inform the Western world of the nature of German fascism. As Mr. Koch

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says, every informed person was aware of its contents, and the volume was a best-seller throughout the West. But close examination reveals the limits of its anti-fascism. Stalin's real policy, as Mr. Koch writes, was "overt anti-fascism *plus* secret appeasement." *The Brown Book of Hitler Terror*, despite its title, let Hitler off the hook. As did the Reichstag trial, and the Western response. Mr. Koch writes:

> Hitler's persecution of German Communism was almost certainly pursued in full collaboration with Stalin and the full knowledge and direct personal co-operation of the future head of the Communist International, using the Comintern's "anti-fascism" as cover. Almost certainly, the acquittal of Georgi Dimitrov was the result of secret arrangements with the Nazis, and the founding scandal of the Soviet-sponsored anti-fascist movement, one of the leading forces in the moral life of this century, was created in direct collaboration with Hitler himself.

As Mr. Koch explains, this charade was really not as surprising as it may at first seem. *The Brown Book*, as it turns out, and the exposé of the Nazis by Dimitrov, concentrated on the paramilitary Brown Shirts, or SA, a group Hitler had come to see as a major contender for power, and which he rightly saw as standing in the way of his own authority. Stalin, meanwhile, feared the SA's ability to militarize Germany quickly, and he believed the stabilization of the new regime by Hitler would forward his own interests. Hitler and Stalin alike saw that the SA and its leader, Ernst Röhm, had to be prepared for slaughter, and Hitler thus allowed Dimitrov to use his courtroom pulpit, as Mr. Koch puts it, "to discredit the SA, prior to its elimination."

In that effort, the propaganda apparatus of Münzenberg sprang into action. A "counter-trial" was held to much fanfare in London, and the gullible "progressives" in the West flocked to sign up for service in various Münzenberg fronts. And there were many.

It should be acknowledged here that the idea of a Dimitrov conspiracy orchestrated jointly by Hitler and Stalin seems preposterous on the face of it. Is the evidence that Mr. Koch has unearthed in the Comintern files confirmed elsewhere? Reviewing this book in *The New York Times Book Review*, Maurice Isserman states definitively that no historian has "ever stumbled across evidence of the Hitler–Stalin partnership of 1933." In fact, that is not so. In Robert Tucker's important biography, *Stalin in Power: The Revolution from Above, 1928–1941* (1990), Mr. Tucker points out that, in seeking stability, Moscow saw that its "best bet, from Stalin's point of view, was a diplomacy of accord with Germany." Fearing a non-Communist socialist Germany should fascism be defeated, Stalin sought a Nazi takeover, which he thought would give him a better chance of cementing his power in Russia. Hence, as Mr. Tucker puts it, "Stalin abetted the Nazi victory," by engaging in "a certain amount of collaboration."

Mr. Tucker goes on to document precisely what Mr. Isserman denies: that in 1933, "Stalin signaled his interest in doing business with Berlin." That cooperation included secret diplomacy carried out by Comintern head Karl Radek in October 1933. The policy continued into the late 1930s. And like Stephen Koch, Mr. Tucker refers to "the mask of anti-fascism," and shows how Stalin used the Popular Front as cover for his purge against such actual anti-Nazi elements as Field Marshal Tukhachevsky. Among other historians, Walter Laqueur, in his own book on Stalin, notes that the documents used to frame Tukhachevsky were forged for Stalin by the Gestapo.

While Karl Radek orchestrated the policy in Moscow, Münzenberg's men carried it out with zeal in the West. Münzenberg's had his greatest success in the United States. Indeed, one of his most notable victories was his courting of the Hollywood liberal Left, with its writers, directors, and actors whose new-found wealth during the Great Depression led to pangs of guilt, and made them willing participants in Otto Katz's legion of front groups. The key to success was the Popular Front, portrayed as a broad anti-fascist alliance.

As Mr. Koch writes, the Front was really Stalin's mechanism for gathering support while he carried out the Great Terror at home. His followers in the West simply could not understand that the Front was conceived, as Mr. Koch writes, to be "what no decent person could turn against, *in spite of the trials*." And so Willi Münzenberg devised the technique of zeroing in on the best of the adversary culture—the enlightened elite of the middle classes—using their sensibility and concern in service to the malign purposes of Stalin. It worked all too well. In England his men recruited the Cambridge spy network. In Washington, D.C., they formed the notorious Ware group, which infiltrated the ranks of the State Department and the Roosevelt Administration. Nor was the press ignored. In England Claud Cockburn's influential newsletter *The Week* passed along to its readers the Comintern disinformation provided by Otto Katz. In New York, Katz was in-

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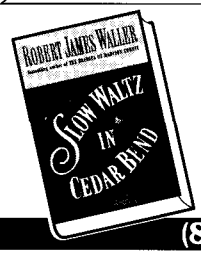

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strumental in forming the supposedly independent Left–liberal newspaper *P.M.*, which Mr. Koch describes as a "classic Münzenberg-style daily." (*P.M.* did employ a few prominent anti-Communists, but as cover for its generally pro-Soviet foreign-policy line.)

In Hollywood Katz touched the lives of Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Dorothy Parker, Lillian Hellman, Dashiell Hammett, Donald Ogden Stewart, and scores of others of the Tinseltown nobility. Here were the beginnings of the molding of Hollywood on behalf of the "right" causes, something that has continued through our own day. The purpose was "to Stalinize the glamor culture, while simultaneously giving the apparatus a cash cow capable of producing a large, untraceable supply of much-needed American hard currency to finance various operations around the world." And so Münzenberg's agent Otto Katz charmed his way through Hollywood, appearing at functions and testifying falsely about his heroic struggle against the Nazis, and asking for checks at the end of each appearance. The main concern was support for Stalin, not resistance to Hitler. When the Nazi–Soviet Pact was finally announced, not one of the Hollywood set defected. Instead, they applauded the invasion of Poland and the Soviet attack on Finland, which Miss Hellman promptly described as "a pro-Nazi little republic."

Mr. Koch presents a powerful challenge to the anti-fascist pretensions cherished by the Left from the Thirties to the Fifties. It has long been said that whatever Stalin's own motives and policies, at least the anti-fascist crusade and the Popular Front were a genuine response by idealists to the betrayal of the Western heritage. And indeed, for some, they were that. But the same well-meaning idealists allowed themselves to be used as instruments in the campaign orchestrated by Stalin to consolidate his totalitarian regime, either as actual agents (Hiss, Field, Herbst, and others), or as apologists (Hellman, Parker, and other members of the literary elite). Anti-fascism, Mr. Koch writes, "was the most urgent moral cause of the 1930s" and it was "betrayed from within precisely by the Communists who most ardently claimed it as their own." This should put to rest the claim made by the pro-Communist Left that they were fighting "the good fight." It is not surprising that writers who, like Mr. Isserman, have sought to defend that claim, now turn fiercely against Mr. Koch's findings.

The story that Stephen Koch tells, then, is not very pretty. Of course, it is a cliché that a revolution devours its own children. Katz was most likely involved in the murder of Münzenberg, who died, seemingly alone, in a woods in France in 1940. As for Katz, he was to meet his end in the Prague trials of 1952, accused of being a Western agent and convicted on the "evidence" of the American traitor and Soviet agent Noel Field, betrayed in fact by the very apparatus he had helped create in the Thirties and Forties.

What Mr. Koch has shown us is nothing less than the complete involvement of the Soviet secret services in the intellectual life of the West from the years before World War II into the early Cold War. It was Willi Münzenberg in particular who shaped key operations directly for Stalin, from the Sacco–Vanzetti defense of the Twenties, to the peace movement of the Thirties. What appeared to be independent acts of protest, it turns out, were either run by Soviet intelligence from the start or taken over and orchestrated by it shortly thereafter. One hopes—given the new availability of files still to be opened and examined—that this superb effort will be but the first step toward a full understanding of what until now has been the hidden history of the twentieth century. □

Living History

D. KEITH MANO

LET us register an extraordinary datum: that William F. Buckley Jr., in his *tenth* Blackford Oakes espionage thriller, has not—as one might expect and excuse—begun to flag at all. He is a better fiction writer now by leagues than he was in 1976, when *Saving the Queen* took off. New directness and clarity jumpstart his prose. He has command of several voices and can modulate each. And, structurally, his later volumes—I date the mature Blackford from *See You Later Alligator* (1985)—have had an arrow-shaped ease and purpose. Mr. Buckley is no longer the polemicist/politician/media person who also writes fiction. He is fully a novelist. Self-confidence long ago replaced self-consciousness. *A Very Private Plot* is his best and most affecting Blackford yet.

A Very Private Plot, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Morrow, 272 pp., $20)

Buckley 1976, let me remind you, was very different from this 1994 model. Here, almost at random, is a sentence from *Saving the Queen*:

> Boris lost his final link to his spirited youth and settled down to the job for which there was no practical alternative, as an agent of the will of Josef Stalin, about whom he asked no questions, and permitted himself to think no heretical thoughts, except, in respect of himself, that he hoped he would not live too long, that when he died it would not be in a torture chamber of the NKVD, and that no day would go by in which, at night, he would be deprived of the solace of his own little apartment, his large glass of vodka, and the huge library of the Russian masters of the nineteenth century, which he would not complete, at the studious rate he read them, in the ten years or so he had left to read.

That is, I think, your literary equivalent of the DNA molecule. It functioned rather well, even though only a veteran pearl diver could read it aloud without inhaling. It has Jamesian music. Yet the locution does distract from Boris Bolgin. It is in competition with him—more device than accompaniment to the 1990s ear. No such sentence appears in *A Very Private Plot*.

Instead you have:

> The survivors of the Afghan unit, surrounded, had dropped their rifles. You could hear the clatter of steel barrels landing on the rocky soil. The cold mountain air, working on the warm exhalations, gave the impression that the rebels were all smoking cigarettes. They were led, their hands behind their necks, to the edge of the neighboring forest. At a

Mr. Mano's latest novel is Topless.

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signal from Major Lapin, a Soviet machine gunner stationed just inside the forest that gave him camouflage began firing. He mowed them all down, investing at least five bullets in each of the resisters.

This prose can counterpunch: unrelenting, resonant, and thoroughly responsive to its subject matter. The use of "investing" alone—with its mercenary undertone and almost onomatopoeic reference to the shot torso ("vest")—is evidence enough that Mr. Buckley can be indicted as a serious prose stylist. He has begun thinking the way novelists (unlike essayists) think. That is: from sensual image to metaphor. An essayist, by contrast, will first create the abstract metaphoric equation and then try matching it with this or that real thing. These are quite opposite sensibilities.

Now read another passage:

> Then, gradually, it happens: We descend slowly to what looks like a yellow-white sandy beach, sprinkled with black rock-like objects. These, it transpires, are pieces of coal. There must be 100,000 of them in the area we survey, between the bow of the ship and the stern, a half mile back. On my left is a man's outdoor shoe. Left shoe. Made, I would say, of suede of some sort. I cannot quite tell whether it is laced up. And then, just off to the right a few feet, a snow-white teacup. Just sitting there, thank you, on the sand. I liken the sheer neatness of the tableau to a display that might have been prepared for a painting by Salvador Dali.

Rich, terse fictional narrative, wouldn't you say? Yet it isn't fiction at all. That passage comes from a Buckley article about the *Titanic*. Still, Blackford had influence here. The discipline of fiction (and, yes, those effortless sailing books) has sensitized his prose style. Syntax is more economical. The vocabulary has become less (well . . . somewhat less) Smithsonian since 1985 or so. This is a different writer.

Add the high moral questioning that has characterized the Blackford Oakes saga since 1976 and you get a notable enterprise, indeed. No war like our four-decade-long Cold War had ever been fought before: ideology was armament, missiles of sentiment and misinformation hit ground zero. Through it all one young, then middle-aging, then old Yale grad is compelled to make distinctions that can kill. Here, in *A Very Private Plot*, Blackford must confront the ethical variance that has been central to his life: Is covert espionage defensible under any circumstance? A question peculiar to America, I think. With it comes this perplexing concomitant: Can an oath of secrecy sworn to the nation be rescinded by that nation? Or should personal honor trump national honor? It is a mirror image, ironically enough, of the question that radicals in 1968 answered yes to.

Stained Glass (1978) was recast, perhaps unwisely, for regional theater (Louisville). But the present-tense plot-line of this new novel—if not its entire text—is nothing less than sharp courtroom drama camouflaged by declarative prose. Senator Blanton (we've come across his kind) has been sponsoring a bill that would prohibit all covert action, no matter what strategic benefit might inhere. Blackford, Blanton suspects, has knowledge of at least one spy gig that almost compromised America fatally. Blackford, facing prison for contempt, refuses even to plead the Fifth: "he hadn't done anything illegal, *not that anyone knew about*." A provocative line of defense. From that point, as you can imagine, ornate Chinese boxes of logic proliferate.

Meanwhile, in a concurrent narrative, the poignant tale of five modern *narodniki* unfolds. (*Narodniki* were terrorist hitmen or hitwomen, who impressed both Lenin and Whittaker Chambers with their suicidal passion.) These new *narodniki*, not having read *Time* magazine, intend to kill Gorbachev. The Russian atmospherics are precise and human. Bill Buckley took me to Moscow in 1975; he took me

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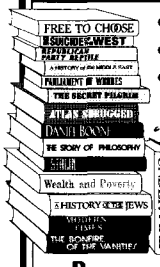

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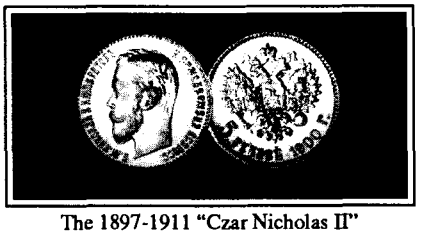

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again in *A Very Private Plot*. You become an intellectual accomplice of the young radicals—as is Blackford. But Blackford must make a brutal decision about them.

I learned my English kings from Shakespeare. My Russian campaign from *War and Peace*. Fiction has power enough to highlight and bend history. It is time, I think, that we gave Buckley-the-novelist due credit. His Blackford Oakes series became a historical document long before 1994. No one, Right or Left, has chronicled the Cold War period with more imagination or authority. Oakes will be read. More than that, Oakes will be studied. For his depiction of an era Blackford Oakes is as significant as Proust's Marcel in *A la recherche du temps perdu*. More significant: because the Cold War time—with its smooth revisionists—is almost lost to us already. □

The Last Angry Puritan

WILLIAM A. NISKANEN

PETE PETERSON, a son of Greek immigrants, has written a major puritan sermon on the theme "How to Rescue the Economy from Crushing Debt and Restore the American Dream." His subthemes: Don't borrow to finance consumption. Save for a rainy day. Think of the children. We are all sinners and we must all sacrifice.

Facing Up: How to Rescue the Economy from Crushing Debt & Restore the American Dream, by Peter G. Peterson (Simon & Schuster, 411 pp., $22)

These maxims merit reinforcement, especially since too many preachers have gone on to more exotic issues. And for the most part, Mr. Peterson's analysis of the major problems of the U.S. economy is correct, though incomplete. His story can be summarized as follows: Most of our economic problems are attributable to a very low rate of productivity growth since 1973, in turn reflecting a slow growth of private and public capital. The combination of a decline in the private saving rate and an increase in the federal deficit, primarily in the 1980s, sharply reduced our net saving rate; we were able to maintain a slightly higher domestic investment rate only by an increase in borrowing abroad.

So far, so good. The Peterson story, however, is not only incomplete but somewhat misleading. Incomplete because he does not mention the substantial decline in student test scores since 1963 or the explosion of health, safety, and environment regulations beginning in 1970. Misleading because he repeats several conventional myths about the 1980s. Productivity growth *increased* in the Reagan years compared to the dismal record of the Ford–Carter years. And the increase in the federal deficit was *not* due to the increase in federal non-interest outlays or an erosion of the federal revenue base. Examine the data in the chart below for 1979 and 1989, the cyclical-peak years that bracket the Reagan era.

The increase in the deficit was smaller than the increase in net interest payments, a consequence of the temporary increase in the outlay share during the defense buildup and the temporary reduction in the receipts share due to the 1981–82 recession. As of FY1989, the increased deficit was the price of ending the Cold War and reducing inflation, not of a public or private consumption binge.

	Outlays		Receipts	Deficit
	Non-interest	Interest		
	(All figures as % of GDP)			
FY1979	18.9	1.8	19.1	1.7
FY1989	18.8	3.3	19.2	2.9

The deficit in the last Reagan budget, however, was still too high, and the huge increase in the federal debt was one of the major adverse legacies of this period. There then followed the Bush years. Total non-interest outlays increased sharply, despite a substantial reduction of real defense spending. And slow economic growth reduced the growth of federal receipts, despite a substantial increase in tax rates. The difference is that Mr. Bush had nothing to show for the $1 trillion of federal borrowing on his watch.

Pete Peterson, Ross Perot, and others deserve credit for making a major issue of the federal deficit. They are right to define the deficit as a moral issue, a form of "fiscal child abuse," a transfer to our parents and ourselves at the expense, but without the consent, of our children and their children. A valid case can be made for a deficit to finance a war or a temporary surge in public investment, or to offset a temporary loss of revenues during a recession. But there is no justification for the large, sustained deficits of recent years. Mr. Peterson and others also deserve credit for promoting a dramatic but feasible goal—balance the federal budget by the year 2000—and for developing a specific plan to achieve that goal. However, one can share that goal, as I do, without endorsing all of the provisions of the Peterson plan, because the economic and other effects are not independent of the *means* by which any specific deficit target is reached.

Mr. Peterson's budget plan is best described as "Clinton plus." The plan, for example, endorses all of the Clinton spending programs in the FY1994 budget *plus* most of the Clinton health plan, increased public investment, and increased spending for the elderly and disabled poor. The major spending reductions are a "graduated entitlement benefit reduction" above the median income, a gradual increase in the Social Security retirement age, an unspecified reduction of real spending for discretionary domestic programs, lower federal pension benefits, and lower spending on farm-support programs. Similarly, the plan endorses the major tax changes in the FY1994 budget *plus* a 5 per cent national retail sales tax (excluding food, housing, and education), a 50-cent-per-gallon tax on gasoline, higher taxes on alcoholic beverages and tobacco, a limit on the home-mortgage-interest deduction, and increased user fees. Some of the increased revenues would be offset by a permanent R&D tax credit, worker-training incentives, and the indexation of capital gains on new investment. The Peterson plan,

Mr. Niskanen is chairman of the Cato Institute.

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like the Clinton plan, involves mostly taxes. In the year 2004, the increased tax revenues would be roughly 1.7 times the net reduction in non-interest spending (including those changes approved in the FY1994 budget and measured relative to the January 1993 CBO baseline).

Mr. Peterson is correct in arguing for a reorientation of federal fiscal policy to promote private savings and investment relative to consumption. He does not make an adequate case, however, for promoting specific types of investment or for penalizing specific types of consumption. His proposals to increase the taxes on cigarettes, whisky, gasoline, and expensive homes, for example, may appeal to the puritans among us, but they have no other apparent basis. Most smokers and drinkers are net taxpayers, primarily because they die earlier. For the most part, except during peak hours, auto drivers more than pay their way. And Mr. Peterson, like most fiscal commentators, has misinterpreted the deduction for mortgage interest as a subsidy to homeowners; as long as landlords can deduct interest, this deduction is necessary to make the tax code neutral between buying and renting. The elimination of the deduction for interest on car loans, for example, had no apparent effect on the demand for new cars but it substantially increased the share of new cars that were leased.

More important, Mr. Peterson's major proposal for income-testing entitlements would lead to a substantial increase in the effective tax rate on private savings for retirement. Similarly, the recent increase in the earned-income tax credit substantially increased the marginal tax rate on those with low earnings. Mr. Peterson seems to disparage the supply-side conjecture that marginal tax rates are important, but he should recognize that there is no way to provide benefits up to some income level without reducing the incentive to increase income above that level.

Finally, reducing the deficit is important—from either an economic or a moral perspective—only if it increases the capital stock owned by our children. Mr. Peterson recognizes this, but he does not acknowledge that different means of reducing the deficit have very different effects on the future capital stock. A reduction in government spending has a substantial positive effect on net saving and investment. An increase in taxes, however, has no significant effect, apparently because the increased net saving is offset by a reduced demand for investment. Moreover, without an independent constraint on the level of federal spending, it may not be possible to reduce the deficit by higher taxes, because spending appears to increase by more than the increase in tax revenues. Mr. Peterson's budget plan, therefore, may not increase net saving even if it reduces the deficit. More disturbing, the substantial increase in taxes is more likely to increase spending than to reduce the deficit.

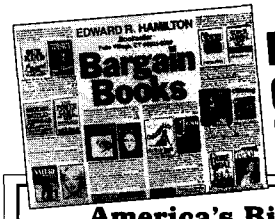
Those, like Mr. Peterson, who are most concerned about the deficit have often responded to an appeal to be "realistic" or "responsible" by supporting higher taxes, only to see the deficit continue to increase. It is not responsible to feed the habit of a junkie, even in exchange for a promise to reform tomorrow. The only way to break the addiction to spending is to "just say no" to higher taxes. The federal budget can and should be balanced by the end of the decade without an increase in taxes. Indeed, that appears to be the only effective way to balance it.

When the prosecutor in the Bobbitt trials was asked how these trials affected his own life, he responded that he now sleeps on his stomach. If taken, Mr. Peterson's advice that we go into the public arena *Facing Up* will make us more vulnerable to a similar offense by the state. □

A Tale of Two Prodigies

GEORGE H. NASH

READERS of the early issues of NATIONAL REVIEW will instantly recognize the name of Willmoore Kendall. A brilliant political theorist and platform debater, an editor of *NR* from its founding until 1963, a mentor of William F. Buckley Jr. at Yale, Professor Kendall became



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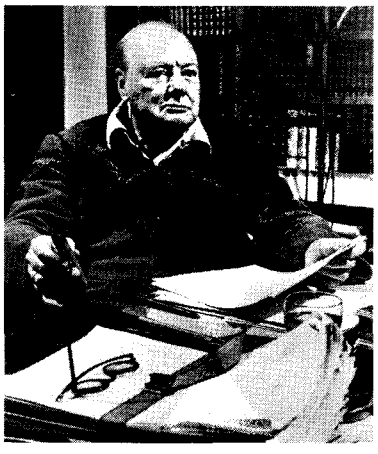

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one of the pre-eminent conservative intellectuals of the mid twentieth century. Argumentative, even quarrelsome, he often exasperated friend and foe alike, all the while turning out some of the most provocative political-science writings of his time.

Kendall was a child prodigy who learned to read at the age of 2. After graduating from high school at 13, he entered Northwestern University as the youngest college student in the country.

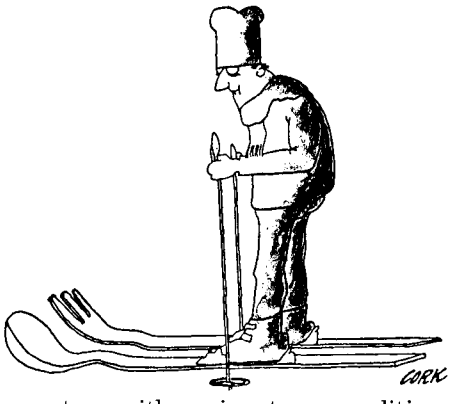
What is less well known is that Kendall's father had also been a child prodigy. Essentially blind from birth, the elder Kendall nevertheless graduated from college (and as valedictorian, besides) at the age of 15, and from a noted seminary (again as valedictorian) a few years later. A gifted orator, in 1907 he entered the Southern Methodist ministry in Oklahoma, where he served as a distinguished pastor for more than 30 years.

Between the blind preacher and his first-born son there developed a remarkable bond. By age 10 young Willmoore was driving his father in an automobile to commitments around the state. More significantly, the precocious boy read books aloud to his father and shared a variety of interests with him. One index of the two Kendalls' intimacy was the vast correspondence between them—more than six thousand pages of it, mostly typed and single-spaced—stretching from Willmoore's boyhood until his father's death in 1942.

Oxford Years: The Letters of Willmoore Kendall to His Father, edited by Yvona Kendall Mason (Intercollegiate Studies Institute, Bryn Mawr, Pa., 527 pp., $14.95)

Despite his early intellectual stardom, young Kendall's teenage years and early twenties were troubled by recurrent uncertainty—and tension with his father—about the choice of a career. Nothing seemed fully to engage the prodigy's soul. Then, in 1931, while a graduate student in Romance languages at the University of Illinois, Willmoore won a Rhodes Scholarship. From 1932 to 1935 he studied philosophy, politics, and economics at Oxford University, an experience that transformed his life.

In *Oxford Years* Kendall's sister Yvona has published the voluminous correspondence between father and son during this pivotal period. Willmoore's letters were filled with accounts of his readings, travels, and encounters with eminent personalities. In one notable missive, he described the notorious Oxford Union debate of 1933 in which the house resolved "in no circumstances [to] fight for King and Country." For his part, the elder Kendall regularly apprised his son of the deepening devastation of the Great Depression back home. On one occasion he reported that "Mama and I haven't a dollar cash between us." The merits and demerits of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal became a repeated topic of epistolary contention between father and son.



Contention, for by 1935—to his father's great chagrin—Willmoore had become a vehement Marxist. Another source of anguish was Willmoore's oft-changing career plans. Conceding that he was a "hopeless splasher," Willmoore initially intended to study at Oxford to become another Walter Lippmann—a model his father enthusiastically held high. Then Willmoore decided to become a foreign correspondent. Shortly before leaving Oxford for a journalist's job in Madrid, he announced that his "purpose in life" was "to become a great Socialist publicist."

The elder Kendall did not try to dictate his son's choice. But, acutely mindful of the economic catastrophe back home, he implored his son to be practical and to take every advantage of his extraordinary opportunity. Despite his popularity as a pastor, the blind Reverend Kendall seems to have felt profoundly frustrated by his own station in life. He warned Willmoore that taking a certain job would doom him to "a very narrow and limited life as did my taking the idiotic vows of a novitiate in the Methodist ministry in my twentieth year." The elder Kendall did not want his son similarly to squander his gifts.

Willmoore, now in his mid twenties, did not always take kindly to his father's counsel. In letter after letter the two debated the wisdom of the Rhodes Scholar's course. At times the son could be acerbic to the point of impertinence, as when he offered his father some "fatherly" advice.

It is hard to know how seriously to take this incessant jousting. Both father and son clearly loved to argue. When together, they would sometimes debate an issue heatedly until one or the other would storm out of the room. Later they would resume just as heatedly—on opposite sides of the same question. In one of his Oxford letters, Willmoore called his father "a master of dialectic." On the basis of these letters, one can say that the son became a master himself.

Still, in Willmoore's checkered quest for a calling, one can detect a clue to his intellectual development. In the 1930s the elder Kendall was a liberal both in politics and in religion. Perhaps for this very reason, Willmoore was not. Endowed with an iconoclastic temperament and formidable analytic skills—as well as a need, perhaps, to break away—he never accepted, then or later, the New Deal liberalism personified by his father.

But at some level the father's influence persisted. In 1936 Willmoore returned to America and embarked upon an academic career. Long after Reverend Kendall's death, the restless preacher's son finally blended journalism and politics—not as another Walter Lippmann but as a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW.

With commendable perseverance and skill Yvona Kendall Mason has edited this unusual record of two most unusual men. Professor George Carey, a later collaborator with Kendall in scholarly endeavors, has contributed an excellent prologue and epilogue. Readers of this volume will not find therein any expression of Willmoore Kendall's mature conservative thought. That came later. But they *will* find an intriguing tale of two prodigies—a story to be read as much for its abundant human interest as for its intellectual significance. □

Mr. Nash's first book was The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945.

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Office Romance

MICHAEL COREN

ONE REALLY has to admire the masters and mistresses of the middle-brow, those novelists who swoop down upon an issue that is capturing headlines and soundbites and make it the theme of a best-selling novel. Are they vultures or are they eagles? The answer will vary from reader to reader. But for me Michael Crichton's wing-span, his grace in flight, and the clarity of his vision place him firmly in the eagle's nest.

We experienced some of this author's gifts when he dealt with Japanese–American relations in *Rising Sun*, genetic engineering in *Jurassic Park*, and the future of the rainforest in *Congo*. At his most astute and poignant Mr. Crichton popularizes and, in the best sense of the word, simplifies highly complex ideas and controversies and presents them in the form of novels for mass consumption. Because of the nature of the subjects that he has already tackled, it seemed only a matter of time before Mr. Crichton took on that contemporary chimera, sexual harassment. I use the term "chimera" because, although workplace harassment does obviously exist, and although it is vulgar and unjust, it is clearly not as ubiquitous and one-sided as some would have us believe. As with the well-publicized figures on rape, child abuse, and homosexuality, subjective experience must now take precedence over tendentious and fraudulent research. There are no longer lies, damned lies, and statistics; there are now statistics, damned statistics, and lies.

Disclosure, by Michael Crichton (Knopf, 400 pp., $24)

But Mr. Crichton has done more than question the conventional wisdom about sexual harassment: he has turned that wisdom completely on its head. "The advantage of a role-reversal story is that it may enable us to examine aspects concealed by traditional responses and conventional rhetoric," he writes in his brief afterword. This is provocative stuff, for to question the racial or gender exclusivity of self-awarded victim status is to kick at the very foundations of modern liberalism.

The plot of the book is relatively straightforward. Tom Sanders is a married, happy, deliberately average, and thus altogether believable executive at a Seattle high-tech company who is expecting a promotion to vice president. The prize is taken from him, however, by a rival. She is Meredith Johnson, an attractive and intelligent woman with whom he had conducted an affair some ten years earlier. One evening she invites him into her office for a private, after-work meeting and tries to seduce him. She is partly successful, but his conscience extinguishes his lust and he runs out of the room with his lascivious colleague's wine glass just inches behind his head.

And then the fun begins. Female boss claims that male underling harassed her. The suitably repugnant and insidious company lawyer, a man known as PC Phil, gleefully takes up the case and informs the innocent Sanders that he is to be exiled to a branch plant where he will have effectively no chance of future promotion. The "contemporary climate" is such that men were assumed to be guilty of anything they were accused of," as Mr. Crichton puts it. "Don't smile at a child on the street, unless you're with your wife," is the book's lugubrious but wise advice. "Don't ever touch a strange child. Don't ever be alone with someone else's child. . . . This was a world of regulations and penalties entirely unknown to women." Nonetheless, Tom Sanders decides to fight back.

With the help of a woman lawyer who is renowned, ironically, for her prosecution of men charged with sexual harassment, Sanders digs a trench, a gaping wound, into the premise upon which this sexual power-play has been built, and in so doing also exposes corruption and hypocrisy within his own company. The PC notion that all men are potential harassers and abusers is shown to be a proposition so weak it ought to be attached to a life-support system. In some quarters Michael Crichton has made himself a very unpopular man indeed.

The flaw in the book is its lack of balance. The divide between good and evil is seldom as obvious and crisp as it appears here, and Mr. Crichton might do well to recall Hilaire Belloc's comment that "the bad are at their most bad when they appear at their least bad." There is also the troubling absence of any major female voice, an omission that tilts the book and occasionally gives it an unsavory and unsatisfying flavor. But in the final analysis this doesn't matter very much and is probably best observed as a form of redressment. Mr. Crichton, or anybody else who wrote a similar book and argued a similar thesis, would be accused of rampant misogyny no matter how sensitive and empathetic he attempted to be.

The author has dragged a steaming and obfuscated problem before the eyes of millions of people. It is not an issue that will be dismissed, nor indeed is it an issue that *should* be dismissed. And it is because of its very importance that the definition and judgment of sexual harassment and the concomitant wrongs of rape and domestic violence ought to be, must be, taken out of the hands of the neurotic, the needy, and the nasty and given to objective, moderate men and women.

On one level *Disclosure* is a literary pebble tossed into a political pond, and the ripples just might dampen some of the strident howls and emotional spasms that currently dominate discussion of the issue. On another it is a refreshingly uncluttered and sinewy entertainment, free of pretension and eminently readable. I wonder if Meredith Johnson will be played by a real actress or by one of Stephen Spielberg's mechanical monsters in the inevitable movie. Just a thought—and, God forgive me, a terribly sexist one at that. □

Mr. Coren's latest book is The Invisible Man: The Life & Liberties of H. G. Wells *(Atheneum). He writes a column about men for the Toronto* Globe and Mail.

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TRAVEL

Sailing the Seine

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

A NEW way to travel French rivers is by river boats that carry a hundred or more passengers. The French Cruise Line, anxious to move in on the burgeoning barge-hotel business, designed and built two river boats three or four years ago, the M/S *Arlene*, which cruises the Rhône and Saône rivers in Burgundy, and the M/S *Normandie*, which plies the Seine from Paris to Honfleur and back.

My sister Jane and I joined the M/S *Normandie* one hot June evening at the Quai de Grenelle in Paris, just west of the Eiffel Tower. The *Normandie* is a spick-and-span white two-decker, 91 meters (299 feet) long and 10.2 meters (33 feet) wide, with fifty small but pleasant double cabins, each with its own bathroom. The public rooms include a large, tastefully decorated, and comfortable lounge, a good-sized dining room, and an upper sundeck, half covered, half open, with a roof that slides down to permit the *Normandie* to squeeze under the low bridges of Paris and its delighted passengers to view the City of Light at night.

The six-night trip from Paris to the Normandy fishing village of Honfleur costs $2,000 a person when you add in wine, liquor, tips, and various well-planned side trips ($40 to $50 each).

We skip the trips to Versailles and to Miniature France and spend the first lazy morning watching the river traffic—mostly working barges, *péniches* they are called. We are moving along at about nine knots and tie up at the town of Vernon, not too far from Monet's home, at Giverny. After dinner, on a walk through Vernon's ancient streets, we are drawn to the flamboyant-Gothic Eglise Notre Dame by a choir singing. We enter the church just behind the high altar, on which sits, jauntily, a shiny black helmet. The choir, a motley group in civvies, stands under a bright light over the altar. The choirmaster brings out the best they have, which is very good indeed, and clips off the last note with the precision that shows his mastery of his craft. We listen to a second offering, the Gloria, then slip out unnoticed, uplifted.

At 9:30 the next morning, a small group of us is let into Claude Monet's Japanese garden ahead of the morning crowd of tourists. We saunter through the gardens and lily ponds and over the Japanese bridge, exploring small paths, and generally luxuriating in the rich smells and sights and sounds of a scene that anyone who loves Monet's painting knows so well. A cuckoo obligingly coo-coos for us.

We stroll up through a far more conventional French garden to the Clos Normand, Monet's spacious manor house, and explore the house and the bright and roomy studio he built at the end of the yard to accommodate his final huge paintings of the water lilies. (It was the paintings found at the Clos Normand, by the way, that form the basic collection at the Marmottan Museum in Paris.)

When Richard the Lion-Heart built the huge Château Gaillard on a promontory above the Seine near Les Andelys, he vowed that he could defend it even if its walls were made of butter. But after his death Philippe Auguste took it (by guile), and eventually Henri IV had its battlements dismantled. But even in ruins it is formidable, dominating a long stretch of the Seine as it winds and twists below. The day is misty and the landscape beyond the castle looks for all the world like an Impressionist painting.

After a ride through the Fôret de Lyons, the hunting grounds of the Dukes of Normandy, and a walk around Lyons-la-Fôret's well-preserved half-timbered houses and covered market, we come to the Château Vascoeuil, the kind of attraction you will certainly miss unless taken by hand, as we are, and shown it.

Vascoeuil is a delight. Its owner, whose name never appears on the brochure, restored the small château but himself lives in a thatched-roof home he built on its grounds. The château, when we were there, housed an extraordinary exhibition by a master of *trompe-l'oeil*, Jacques Poirier. One painting, the life of Helen of Troy, is accompanied by a brief history of the lady's complicated life and adventures, concluding that when she returned to Greece after the fall of Troy she was "*très agée.*"

Throughout the manicured gardens and around a swift flowing stream and a beautiful dovecote, Mr. Nameless has scattered manic sculptures to make one chortle with delight: sculptures, among others, by Braque, Dali, and Léger. But we must cut short our visit, as the rains that will dog us from here on out arrive.

From Les Andelys to Rouen the scenery is lovely. Double rows of tall poplars line country roads and lanes. The river twists and turns and doubles nearly back on itself. Small villages, each with a church and steeple, hug the hillsides, encased in green meadows and, it being Normandy, in apple orchards. A couple of turns later we come upon a steep escarpment of rock on our left, its ragged peaks like the ghosts of ancient turrets. We glimpse the occasional stone château, sitting back from the river, almost hidden from view by its encompassing woods and protective iron grilles. The sun is fighting to break through low, grey clouds, but it is a losing battle. Even so, as we approach the port of Rouen the water turns lighter and clearer. The tidal flow, we are told, can be felt this far inland.

What is new and exciting (to us at least) in Rouen is l'Eglise Ste. Jeanne d'Arc. In the market square where Joan went to the stake in 1431, an exciting modern church has risen over the old market, the inspired vision of the architect Louis Arretche. The interior vault resembles the hull of a ship. The twisted roof-line reaches up toward the sky like an eager flame, reminding us of the manner of Joan's death. Inside, at eye level as you descend polished stone steps, toward the altar, are preserved the sixteenth-cen-

Miss Buckley is an NR *senior editor.*

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tury windows from St. Vincent's church, destroyed after the Normandy landings: the light pouring in speckles the church in ruby and sapphire splinters, larded with vibrant yellows and greens.

The rains have now turned into what would, back home, be called a Nor'easter. And when we return the next afternoon to Caudebec-en-Caux after a moistly satisfying visit to the ruined Benedictine monastery of Jumièges, we are told that the waves are ten feet high at Honfleur and the *Normandie* will have to stay here at Caudebec.

And so it is by taxi and bus that we visit what is called the Peace Museum, near Caen, but which is in effect a museum about the Normandy landings: impressively reported with films and slides, one of which shows on one side of a huge screen the Allied preparations and the D-Day operation, while on the other it shows German forces building and manning their defensive positions. We could have spent hours there but Bayeux—and Queen Mathilda's tapestry—calls.

The tapestry—well preserved and imaginatively displayed—tells the story (from the victors', that is the Normans', viewpoint) of Harold of England's broken oath and William the Bastard's consequent invasion of England, culminating in Harold's death at Hastings in 1066, by an arrow through the eye; setting in motion the events that will result in the burning at the stake in Rouen of a teenage French peasant girl 365 years later.

On to Honfleur. It is blowing hard. Sheets of rain get under umbrellas, down necklines. Our feet are drenched. But the little streets of this fishing village made famous by its own beauty and the works of the very early impressionists, Boudin and his disciples, are charming, and the art galleries worth far more time than we have to explore them. We duck into the simple fisherman's church near the market place, enticed by a full-throated organ. A bride and groom are plighting their troth on this vigil of the great Feast of Corpus Christi. We pause to light a candle in memory of missing friends, and hurry back to the *Normandie* and our farewell dinner. □

DELECTATIONS

Love Boats

TAKI

A GROUP of European friends recently suggested we all sail to Atlanta for the 1996 Olympics, and because of my Greek shipping connection, I was appointed tour director and Führer for all things maritime. Mind you, it is not as easy as it sounded. As everyone who has ever been sardined into a jet knows, the only way nowadays to cross the pond between the Old and New Worlds is by air, or in the manner of *NR*'s editor-at-large, by private sailboat.

Although the latter is still a possibility, my friends are as useful as the bottom half of a mermaid when it comes to roughing it, so for the moment I'm looking around for a miracle in the form of a luxury liner steaming from England, Germany, Italy, or France to the eastern shore of the United States, sometime in the summer of 1996. There is always the *QEII*, of course, but as Führer, I wouldn't recommend her. The last time I sailed her across the Atlantic, there was REOT written all over her. The acronym stands for Radical Egalitarianism of Today, despite the fact that this was twenty years ago, in April 1974, to be exact. Worse, it was also modern, all plastic, glass, and steel, without the wasted space that gave the old boats their luxurious aura.

Although it was three months before the collapse of the Greek Colonels, I had smelled a rat and had moved my operations to London. Once there, I was invited to compete in the world's richest backgammon tournament of the time, £100,000, winner take all, everything paid for by the sponsor, Dunhill's. Dunhill's flew us over first class, put us up for one night in the Big Apple, and then sailed us back to Blighty on the *QEII*, where the tournament took place. I quickly got over my depression about the Colonels' plight and accepted with alacrity.

I will not bore you, dear reader, with descriptions of the other players involved. Suffice it to say that all 32 were characters, in that it takes character to withstand the rigors of indolence. What followed was a bacchanalian revelry that would have made Byron proud. My oldest English friend, Charles Benson, won the tournament and the money, but had to jump ship at Le Havre as word had slipped out and the bookies he was deeply in debt to were already lining the White Cliffs of Dover in eager anticipation. Clement Freud, grandson of the man who started the mind rot, and a future MP, won the unpopularity stakes, and was unceremoniously thrown in the first-class pool fully clothed. The Honorable Michael Pearson, son of Lord Cowdrey, of polo and *Financial Times* fame, bet his best friend, Robin Millborn, that he wouldn't streak the length of the ship—all 963 feet. When Robin took up the challenge he was grabbed by irate third-class passengers and almost lynched.

Be that as it may, the trip was far from perfect. The problem was the REOT syndrome again. In fact, the service was lousy. The waiters were mostly from Liverpool, and a surly lot they were. High-jinks have always been a part of first-class travel at sea, but these types reminded me of cops who give speeding tickets to someone going through a car wash. After particularly unpleasant service one evening at dinner, I asked one of them if he had ever worked the Gulag, and he answered with a simple no.

Taki Theodoracopulos, who writes the "High Life" column for The Spectator *in London, is the author of* Nothing to Declare *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

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The food was no great shakes, either. As I was disembarking, a reporter happened to ask me how I had enjoyed the trip. I said that thanks to Dunhill's I had, but that I hadn't eaten such bad food since I left the Monastery of Mount Athos. No sooner had I said it than a spokesman from Trafalgar House, the company that owned the ship back then, demanded that I retract. Which I did. I said it was worse than prison food, although at the time I had not yet been Her Majesty's guest.

Needless to say, this was not the case when liners were the only way discerning people traveled. I first crossed from New York to Cannes in July 1952, on the *Constitution*, built in 1951, 30,293 tons and 683 feet long. Although I was only 15, I had a sundeck cabin to myself, and my parents pretty much left me alone. To say that romance was always in the air would be a bit like saying that President Clinton is not confined by fact. Everybody was constantly on the make. The service was impeccable, the people all raring to have fun, and the ladies on board mysterious and beautiful—at least in the eyes of someone who had been locked up in boarding school since the age of 12 (with 4 years of German occupation before that).

A rather important romantic occasion took place during that trip, and perhaps that is why I shall remember the *Constitution* to my dying day. Many ocean crossings followed. The *United States*, all 53,329 tons and 990 feet of her, was the ship on which two of my best friends and I chose to cross the Atlantic once freed from school. That particular trip remains memorable because my friends and I were taken to the cleaners by a white-haired gentleman of impeccable breeding who just happened to play poker better than we did. He was Nicky Sergeant, born Sigaloff, and we were later told it was his 23rd consecutive crossing. Nicky, whom we later befriended, was a card shark, and made a grand living out of rich mugs.

The *Liberté*, owned by the French Line, was another grand ship. My friends and I sailed her in 1958, having reserved three suites in anticipation of finding beautiful women to share them with. Two days out of Le Havre, we hit a storm that would have made Moby Dick seasick. The *Liberté* was all wooden paneling, with enormous public rooms and the highest of ceilings. The noise was deafening, and the waves were the height of a California redwood. Everybody got sick. There we were, confined to our expensive cabins for five days, and the only thing that crossed our portals that resembled something feminine was our gay steward inquiring about our health. On the last day, just before we came into New York, the weather subsided and we made it into the dining room with our hopes still high. It was the beginning of the end. Eighty-two Venezuelan businessmen were the only other passengers, and they were returning from a convention. We almost were sick all over again.

Well, you know the rest. One by one the great ships went to the scrap yard, and with them went romance on the high seas. But as the song says, thanks for the memories. And those are not about to be scrapped. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The National Review Politically Incorrect Reference Guide, compiled by the National Review Research Library (Russell Jenkins, John J. Virtes, and Frederick Campano), foreword by Rush Limbaugh, introduction by William F. Buckley Jr. (National Review Books, 308 pp., $19.95)

FROM THE DAYS of Research Directors Agatha Schmidt Dowd and Robin Wu, through the reign of Dorothy McCartney, *NR*'s library with its unsung but splendid staff has been what Rush Limbaugh calls "an excellence in researching network unto itself." This book, providing as it does a fast and convenient reference guide for those of us who like to get straight to the right side of the story, is a typical *NR* research product—easy to use, direct and to the point, and deceptively simple, imposing order and direction on complex and convoluted subjects. Topics are arranged alphabetically ("Germany," "Gold/Gold Standard,") and cross-referenced where necessary ("Fiber Optics: see Communications, Technology"); sources are divided into appropriate categories ("Books and Articles," "Organizations"). The guide contains topics of general and current interest that are not in themselves conservative. But the entries under such rubrics—"Multiculturalism," for instance—represent a careful conservative culling. There are problems—some of them symptomatic of conservative deficiencies. Under "Humor," there are only nine entries, six of them P. J. O'Rourke. And there are very occasional lapses: a mistake on page 219 puts Leo Strauss out of alphabetical order—perhaps a Straussian inevitability. But quibbles aside, this book, and one hopes its timely and periodic supplements, provides an invaluable, right-thinking research road map.

—JOHN R. COYNE JR.

My Times: Adventures in the News Trade, by John Corry (Grosset/Putnam, 256 pp., $24.95)

BELIEVERS in golden ages come in two kinds: those who await them beyond the next hill, and those who look back at them behind the last. John Corry, who spent over thirty years at the *New York Times* and *Harper's*, chronicles the lost golden age of journalism, which he believes turned to lead in the Sixties. Mr. Corry, an Irish-American from Brooklyn, has one of those dark and merry minds which make you glad there are Irishmen in the world and even more glad that you are not one of them. His background shapes his prose, which is stolid and self-contained, but capable of sudden assassinations. "Georgetown," he explains at one point, "was charming but not serious. Townhouses and boutiques blended. The [*Washington*] *Post*'s coverage of government and politics has reflected this for years." In three short sentences, he manages to dispose of a city, a newspaper, and a culture. Journalism changed in the Sixties, Mr. Corry believes, because journalists desired to mingle as peers with powerful people, and because they desired to be respectable and powerful themselves. As an antidote he offers his personal credo, writing that "the sole function of journalism is to inform and entertain, and while this is honorable, it is not elevated, and abstruse moral discussions about the trade are for the birds. On the other hand, journalism could be, and should be, worthy of a journalist's best efforts." Journalists are craftsmen, that is, and *My Times* is a survey and a sampler of three decades of craftsmanship.

—RICHARD BROOKHISER

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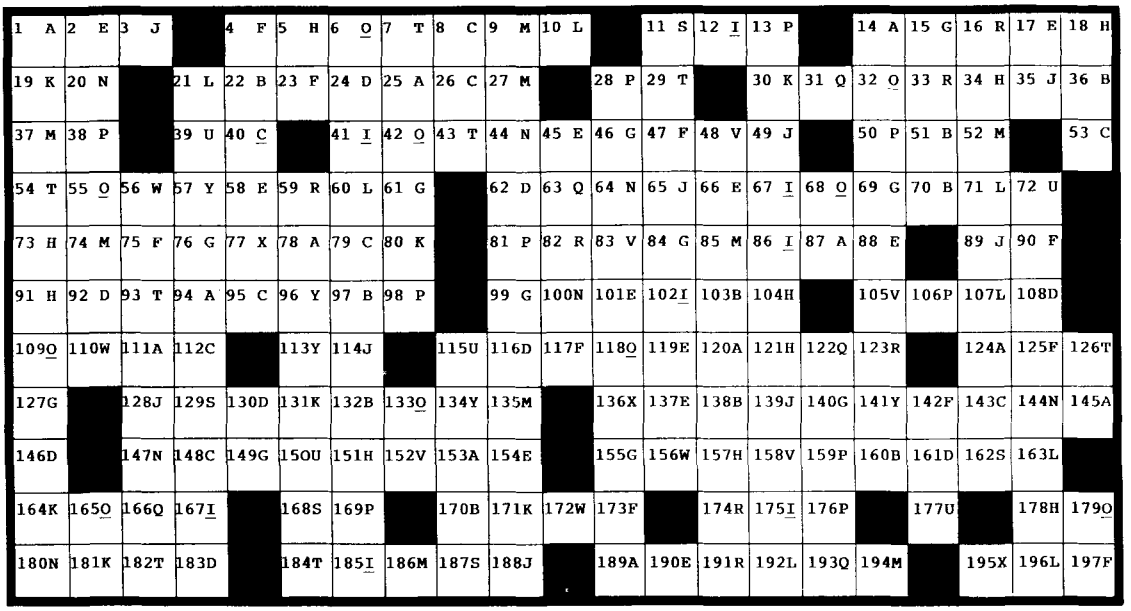
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Lordly overcoat or sofa — 120 189 87 94 1 153 25 124 78 145 / 111 14

B. Extra — 138 160 97 36 170 70 22 51 132 103

C. Cartographer's concern — 112 26 40 79 148 143 95 53 8

D. "Stuffy" occupation — 24 62 130 161 146 92 116 183 108

E. Old West occupation — 2 101 66 154 119 45 137 190 88 17 / 58

F. Innately contradictory — 90 197 173 75 117 125 47 23 142 4

G. Stately river — 127 84 140 69 46 149 61 155 99 76 / 15

H. One type of speech — 18 157 178 104 91 121 151 34 73 5

I. Quick photo — 167 86 41 102 175 185 12 67

J. Stately river — 89 188 139 35 114 128 49 3 65

K. Groom's future — 171 131 19 30 164 80 181

L. Science of a master race — 107 60 163 196 71 192 21 10

M. Stingy — 37 186 194 85 74 9 52 27 135

N. Obvious — 100 64 44 147 20 180 144

O. North Carolina city — 109 68 133 42 165 55 32 118 179 6

P. Nominal leader — 169 28 38 159 13 176 106 98 50 81

Q. Over — 122 193 166 31 63

R. Underhanded — 123 82 191 33 59 174 16

S. Like the Keeblers — 129 187 11 168 162

T. Muscle-propelled vessels — 93 126 184 43 182 54 7 29

U. With mouth wide open — 177 72 39 115 150

V. Passionate desires — 158 48 152 105 83

W. British churchman, a/k/a the Gloomy Dean — 110 156 56 172

X. Sedentary past participle — 195 77 136

Y. Toast named for a soprano — 141 57 134 113 96

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. FROM THE WASHINGTON POST: *"With the start of the New Year, the White House launched a major internal effort to fight back against mounting criticism of the way it has handled inquiries into President Clinton's land investments."*

For Vol. II of the puzzle collection, send $5.95 (plus $1 S&H) to: T-Gram Plus, 309 S. Boundary St., Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

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Making Way For The Politicians

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19

The political difficulties of Mr. Yeltsin emphasize the different standards by which progress is measured. Two veteran journalists recently reminded us of the experience of India soon after it wrested its way free of British colonialism. Mr. Nehru was a socialist and boldly oriented his country toward welfarism. The various international agencies looked on, and here and there demurred; one of the Marshall Plan godchildren extended credit for billions in U.S. agricultural surpluses, and Daniel Patrick the Good, while serving as ambassador, persuaded us to simply forget the indebtedness. Meanwhile, poverty raged; but the Indians had got used to poverty, though every now and again, as in recent years, there is a capitalist gleam in the Indian eye, and genuine attention is given to what it is that makes for economic progress.

We have got used to subsidizing welfare. To do so is a rational choice; but to expect that under such policies true economic progress can be made is self-deluding. The primary incentives to human survival are biological. The human body cannot survive without food; and, in many climates, it cannot survive without shelter. It has long since been pointed out that what makes the protracted torture of life under Castro possible is a) Cuba's climate, and b) Cuba's agricultural bounty. Russia lies in northern latitudes, and the production of food is an enterprise that absorbs the energies of a substantial proportion of its population.

The winsome notion that the state will provide a safety net does only damage in truly impoverished nations. It is not uncommon, in impoverished societies, to find no one willing to work as a porter at an airport or as a nanny for working mothers. Two years before the fighting broke out, the unemployment figure for Yugoslavia was 17 per cent: but, again, no porters at the airports.

What Mr. Yegor Gaidar in Russia has been saying is that there is great wealth in his country but that the conversion of that wealth into economic productivity of an order that satisfies reasonable desires cannot be done without engaging in what Teddy Roosevelt used to call the strenuous life. For him it was shooting lions and tigers and charging uphill against Spanish musketeers. For the Russian, it means very hard work, frugal living, and an acceptance of only gradual progress, done through the division of labor and an increase in productivity. The animus against the United States, everywhere remarked during the visit of President Clinton, has to do with the revolution of rising expectations brought on by American television. Such had been our anxiety to persuade the people living under Communism of the relative weight of their ordeal that we succeeded in giving the impression that to live as we live, rather than to live as they did, was primarily a political decision. Overthrow Communism, and live like an American.

The disease is international. The political philosopher Albert Jay Nock referred frequently to the substitution of "political for economic energy as the means of acquiring wealth." The trouble of course is that what is created is less than a tangible increase in national output: it is an act of redistribution. The government can take from John to give to James, but in the process wealth has not increased. Quite the reverse, if John is discouraged from shouldering the burden that yields a surplus.

Mr. Yeltsin's general orientation has been correct, but what he faces is a political problem. Zhirinovsky is there to taunt him by suggesting to the Russian people that abstemiously though they lived, under Communism, there was a security irreconcilable with capitalist practice. Capitalism is a dynamic force. It is that iron face that can tell IBM it is a bloated mess, that can tell General Motors maybe it ought to quit making cars and go into lawnmowers. Gaidar knows what it is that Russia needs. Yeltsin knows that the crystallization of economic truths does not necessarily breed a corollary crystallization of political will. And since so much emphasis has been placed on the superordinate value of democracy, the politicians are prevailing, and the economists are losing; along with the Russian people. □

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Why Did They Do It? (If They Did It)

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24

As we struggle to understand developments in Russia occasionally the mind turns to rather basic moral questions, among them: Where is the evidence that all of those people we read about, who used to be Communists in good standing and never renounced their past, are different human beings from what they once were?

How very different the current situation from the de-Nazification that went on after Hitler. Quite by accident some years ago I came upon an elderly professor of Russian Studies at Yale University who was had up by the Justice Department and charged with having written for one of Hitler's newspapers during the war when twenty years old. He had taught bright students (among them, Strobe Talbott) for over thirty years, provoking not a single complaint having to do with evil views on political or racial questions. But he was kicked out of the country. Imagine if such moral and political criteria were invoked today. By how many members would that reduce the Russian parliament?

Every now and again journalism is a real tease. On the very same page in *The New York Times Book Review* two books are handled, one of them, by Professor Joel Kovel of Bard College, to the effect that postwar American history was maimed by our obsession with anti-Communism. The second book is called *Double Lives—Spies and Writers in the Secret Soviet War of Ideas Against the West.* That book, by Stephen Koch, is a fascinating exploration of Communist manipulation of the Western left-inclined, in

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order to cultivate the fellow-traveler, whose specialty was the fine art of finding an excuse for whatever barbarity Stalin and his successors perpetrated. Mr. Koch is at Columbia University, and his book carries tributes by David Remnick, the Soviet scholar and journalist, and Diana Trilling.

That book's protagonist is Willi Münzenberg, Stalin's master choreographer of the party line for Western consumption. The reviewer of *Double Lives* (Maurice Isserman) is very very skeptical. He doesn't like the idea that so many Westerners might have been susceptible to the crafty beguiling of Communist agents working for Stalin. In *The New York Review of Books*, veteran ideological analyst Theodore Draper writes about Isserman, "Unfortunately, the psychological distance between the new historians [such as Isserman] and the old realities has become so great that Maurice Isserman found it hard to understand why, if the 'old historians' were right, 'anyone with intelligence and integrity would have remained in such a movement [as the Communists'] for more than the few days or weeks required to discover its gross inadequacies.' This estrangement," Draper comments, "betrays a lack of historical imagination and reveals a generational gap that prompts the new historians to reconstruct the old Communist party in their own image."

What is their own image of the Communist Party? That, er, the Communists may here and there have taken a wrong turn, but really, history begins to tell us that it wasn't quite a black–white thing, you know, as depicted by such as—the figures belabored in the book by Professor Kovel include George Kennan, J. Edgar Hoover, John Foster Dulles, Hubert Humphrey, Walter Reuther, and Arthur Koestler. And what position does Professor Kovel preside over? He is the "Alger Hiss Professor of Social Studies at Bard College."

A perfect pad from which to launch a crusade against anti-Communists. Mr. Koch's book gives us a portrait of the impact on the British espionage underworld when the Hiss case broke. "The Cambridge spies were obsessed with the Hiss case. A fascinated Burgess [Guy Burgess, Soviet agent] saw it 'as a battle of good and evil in which all good was on the side of Hiss and all evil on the side of Chambers.' This might seem merely the standard left-wing line—until he added (it was the *echt* Burgess touch) that even in his goodness, Hiss was probably guilty. Sublimely, superbly guilty—since only a Communist would achieve the seamless perfection of duplicity which the life of Alger Hiss must be if Chambers was right."

It is no longer particularly useful redundantly to document the guilt of Hiss, but it is everlastingly interesting to explore the reasons so many received so reluctantly the news of his guilt, some remaining, even now, invincibly ignorant; some such (or is there only one?) teaching at Bard College under Hiss's official imprimatur. □

Inman & Clinton, Public Servants?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21

The past week prominently featured a day in the life of President Bill Clinton and another in the life of Admiral Bobby Ray Inman. Thoughts crowd the mind on matters raised by both gentlemen. It has to do with public service.

Admiral Inman rather lost contact with his audience during an hour in which his mind appeared to be insufficiently focused on the questions at hand. He gave as the basic reason for his change of mind that he saw no reason to endure the indignity of what lay ahead of him in what he had detected as a conspiracy between columnist Bill Safire and Senator Bob Dole. Since no such conspiracy as he described is plausible (Safire's performance over the years rules out any possibility that he would tether his analyses to the ends of any public official), one was left with the bewilderment engendered in 1992 when Ross Perot suddenly pulled out of the presidential race charging that the Republican Party was threatening the happiness of his daughter.

The sense of it is that Mr. Inman's reaction was generated by a confluence of emotional and psychological factors. One assumes that he especially resented something in Mr. Safire's column, exactly what, the reader doesn't know. And, obviously, there had been a deep ambivalence on the question of taking on the SecDef job (he had already informed the White House that probably he would simply rent a condo in Washington and maintain his houses in Austin and Colorado, intending to spend many weekends at home). With his nomination, he was exposed on deck to winds of adversity he hadn't ever felt before, and he decided to chuck the whole thing. But since his analysis of his change of heart was not clear in his own mind, his rendering of it to the public was less than lucid.

But Mr. Inman did manage to refer more than once to his thirty years of public service. This cliché, used with such frequency, is an unexamined summons to other people's admiration and indebtedness.

The same day that Mr. Inman was performing in Austin, Mr. Clinton was performing in Los Angeles. There he was garbed for The People, in shirtsleeves, no tie. And what he said was that he had campaigned for President because of his devotion to public service, and he wished the people to know that he was with them in any catastrophe, and that government, his government, would stay with them through the end of their troubles, however long it was. He dropped $45 million of spare change into the stricken city and said that of course much more would be forthcoming. Estimates of the damage done vary from $15 to $30 billion.

On the one hand we have a gentleman of great skills and intelligence calling attention to his thirty years of public service. To which one is bound to say: What exactly have been the sacrifices you have endured? To enter, let us say, a service academy is to take a larger risk of getting killed in combat, but professional soldiery is a way of life entered into willingly by whole classes of people, throughout the ages. The pay is often less than what one would have got following other pursuits that one's intelligence might make accessible—but there are compensations in public work that make up for such losses. I know a half-score men and women who lead miserable economic lives because they decided, at about the age when some people decide to join the army, that they wished to devote their lives to music. One can, and does, feel sorry for their economic hardships. But this doesn't entitle them to lay claim to immunities earned in exchange for public service.

The men and women who go to deserts and jungles to preach the word of the Lord and to perform corporal acts of charity—they are entitled to special considerations. But his fellow citizens are not in debt to the public servant who touches down in Los Angeles and extends multi-billion-dollar favors generated by other Americans, or to the public servant who goes from the University of Texas to the National War College to naval cryptography to intelligence analysis to the National Security Agency to CIA. Mr. Inman is master of his own fate. Mr. Clinton is master of his own fate, and also substantially master of ours. But then, we gave him that power, and we are masters of our own fate. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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The Egg Plant and I

HAVING a birthday shortly after New Year's is like having the whole world to yourself. The rest of mankind has just staggered off the drag strip known as the "holiday season." They rev up their motors at the first gobble of the Thanksgiving turkey and floor it until the last note of "Auld Lang Syne." Afterward, they're so worn out that the prospect of another fête sends them crawling into the nearest cave, leaving you, lucky Capricorn, alone.

My usual version of dinner is running into the kitchen to gnaw on something, anything, so I can get back to work, but I'm a good cook when I take the time. I was between books and there was no news to grapple with; Troopergate seemed to have died of its own bad timing and Whitewatergate was over my head, so having nothing to do, I took the time.

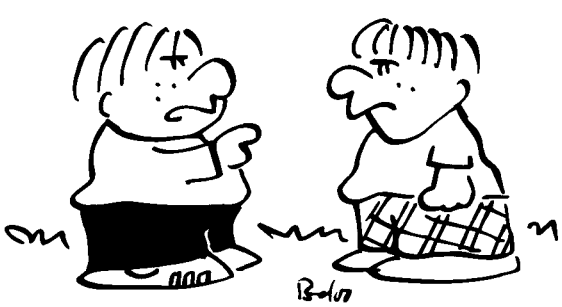
I was in an upbeat mood as I prepared my birthday dinner of veal scaloppine, parsleyed potatoes, and candied carrots. When everything was done, I set the table with real silver instead of my everyday Delta Airlines cache, put the food in the warmer, and mixed the martinis. Lifting my ice-encrusted, salt-rimmed glass, I sang, "Happy birthday to me," then picked up the newspaper that I hadn't bothered to read earlier. The headline said: "WOMAN, 59, GIVES BIRTH."

I think I eventually ate the dinner but I don't remember doing it. The egg-plant story hurled me into a melancholy funk which I proceeded to drown in gin. It had nothing to do with regret over being childless. My hero has always been Good King Herod; children are seen, heard, nasty, brutish, and short, and if I had any eggs left I would turn them in for guns.

Nor did I stew over the "ethical question." To me, that's the simple part. I oppose the "right" of post-menopausal women to create orphans. Furthermore, although I am an Episcopal agnostic, the lost Roman Catholic that lives in every Episcopalian tells me that aborting female fetuses to harvest their eggs is a mortal sin—and that's that. Television's sacred goal of "equal time" is neither sacred nor a goal as far as I'm concerned. My blood may be Anglo-Saxon, but when it comes to impartiality I stand with Father Gilhooly of *Studs Lonigan*—wipe the floor with 'em, knock 'em into the middle of next week, and God bless all in this house.

WHAT I DID stew over was a mélange of things, inchoate emotions and memories that flashed through my brain like heat lightning as I worked my way down to the bottom of the cocktail shaker. Guy de Maupassant defined a writer as one who "looks at the underside of things," and as you know from my last column, my motto is, "Follow the quirk." Combine those with six martinis and you have my disquisition on the egg plant, to wit:

It will destroy that rollicking female imperiousness that has flourished wherever post-menopausal women gather to swap old wives' tales. Be it the Roman gynaecium, the Saxon brydbur, or the Daughters' meeting, without a rousing elegy on "change-of-life babies" none dare call it sisterhood.



"My *ethnic group is more victimized than* your *ethnic group!*"

A change-of-life baby, as I learned from a childhood spent eavesdropping on my grandmother's unfinished sentences, is always unplanned.

"She thought she was too old, so she didn't bother to . . ."

A change-of-life baby is also an embarrassment.

"She won't set foot out of the house because everybody can just *look* at her and know that she and her husband still . . ."

Or maybe they don't still.

"They say that last one belongs to . . ."

A change-of-life baby may never get born. By now the Daughters are hitting the sherry bottle, so we hear no-holds-barred stories about "the Woman Who . . .": the woman who was in labor for two weeks, the woman who split in half, and—so help me—the woman who died when the fetus kicked a hole in her aging womb, and when the undertaker opened her up, what do you think he found? Two tiny little footprints on her liver.

If the change-of-life baby does get born, several things will happen.

"The older children will be made to tend it, and they'll resent it so much that they'll never want any children of their own."

"It'll go wrong because the parents will be too tired to raise it right." (A problem alluded to by Rose Kennedy in an unguarded moment after Chappaquiddick.)

"It'll be brilliant but not very bright, like those professors who get run over and stab themselves with letter openers."

It may also be "a little funny." Many communities used to have a homosexual nobody could miss, a mauve-decade throwback complete with ascot, lisp, falsetto, and flapping wrist. Nobody persecuted him, however, because old wives' tales work in mysterious ways, their wonders to perform. As any blue-haired old lady would tell you, "There's nothing really wrong with him, he's just a change-of-life baby."

Bid farewell to my beloved colorful dowagers. We already have had a figurative menopausing of America wherein problems are regarded as something not to think through but to "cope" with, "handle," and "survive." Now here comes the literal kind.

—FLORENCE KING

Miss King's first book, Southern Ladies and Gentlemen, *has just been reissued in paperback (St. Martin's).*

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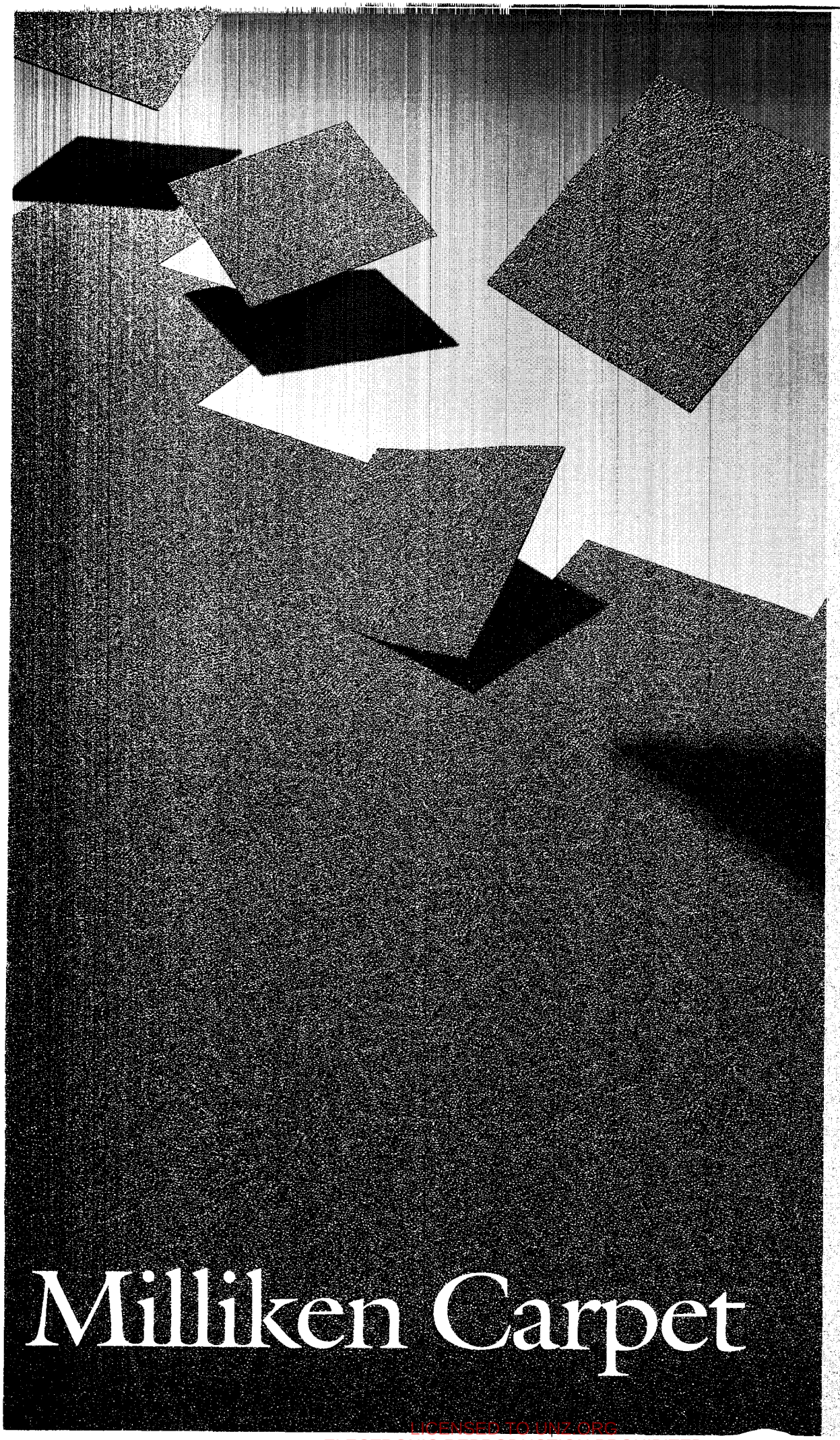

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